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A FOOTBALL ROMANCE

A COLLEGE PLAY

BY

ANTHONY E. WILLS

DICK & FITZGERALD

PUBLISHERS

18 Ann Street, New York

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PICKLES AND TICKLES. 1 Act; 20 minutes.....	6
HARVEST STORM. 1 Act; 40 minutes.....	10
CASE OF HERR BAR ROOMSKI. Mock Trial; 2 hours....	28
DARKEY BREACH OF PROMISE CASE. Mock Trial.....	22
GREAT LIBEL CASE. Mock Trial; 1 Scene; 2 hours.....	21
RIDING THE GOAT. Burlesque Initiation; 1 Scene; 1½ hours	24

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

# A FOOTBALL ROMANCE

A College Play in Four Acts

By ANTHONY E. WILLS

AUTHOR OF COLLEGE CHUMS, COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT, BENJAMIN,  
BENNY AND BEN, THE EASTSIDERS, JUST PLAIN FOLKS, MATINEE  
IDOL, NEW ENGLAND FOLKS, OAK FARM, STUBBORN MOTOR  
CAR, TOO MANY HUSBANDS, THE GYPSY, ETC., ETC.

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NEW YORK  
DICK & FITZGERALD  
18 ANN STREET

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# A FOOTBALL ROMANCE

## CHARACTERS.

- MALCOLM THORNDYKE.....*A wealthy manufacturer*
- ROLAND UNDERWOOD.....*A senior*
- DAVID GRAHAM.....*A junior*
- PHIL. MORLEY.....*A junior*
- FRED. TENEYCK.....*A sophomore*
- RICHARD THORNDYKE.....*A freshman*
- ALGERNON LEIGH.....*A freshman*
- MR. HARRIS.....*A money lender*
- SHELBY.....*A trainer*
- MRS. SUSANNA THORNDYKE.....*Wife of MALCOLM*
- ELEANORE.....*Her daughter*
- SUSIE SPRIGGS.....
- MATILDA PENFIELD.....

TIME.—The present.

TIME OF PLAYING.—*Two and one-half hours.*

LOCALITY.—*Rogers University, near Chicago, Ills.*

## SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—The chapter house. A November afternoon. SUSIE in trouble about the laundry work. TILLY discussed. DAVID's admonishment spurs RICHARD to fresh efforts. LEIGH's unfortunate call. MATILDA consoles LEIGH at the expense of his stick-pin. PHIL. teases LEIGH. PHIL. promises to accompany MATILDA to the dance. RICHARD is urged to "throw" the game and succumbs under persuasion of PHIL. and HARRIS, and signs a receipt. The plot discovered by GRAHAM. RICHARD forbidden to play.

ACT II.—The study room. The same evening. The THORNDYKES visit RICHARD and DAVID. ELEANORE learns that RICHARD is not to be in the game. PHIL., jealous, slanders DAVID in the presence of ELEANORE and accuses him of meanness. MATILDA and ELEANORE meet, much to PHIL's annoyance. PHIL. makes more promises. ELEANORE snubs PHIL. ALGIE's predicament. DAVID's second visitor. ELEANORE successfully pleads for DICK. THORNDYKE and PHIL. also call on DAVID. ELEANORE's escape.

ACT III.—A corner of the field. The next day. SUSIE and ALGIE arrive late. No score for either team at finish of first half. DICK's mother learns of his accident and promptly faints. THORNDYKE's opinion of the "Great American Game." PHIL's absence weakens team. His re-instatement demanded. False rumors about DAVID. RICHARD hurt again on making a splendid tackle. Is replaced by DAVID, who makes the winning score.

ACT IV.—Same as Act II. The same evening. DAVID, although wounded, is much exercised over his supper. RICHARD and DAVID renew friendship. RICHARD worried about the receipt held by PHIL. DAVID promises his help. SUSIE's kindness. THORNDYKE's apology. ELEANORE as nurse. LEIGH's tumble. DAVID toasted. DAVID and PHIL. bargain for return of receipt given by RICHARD and how it resulted. RICHARD's remorse. DAVID's generosity and his re-election.

## COSTUMES AND CHARACTERISTICS.

MALCOLM THORNDYKE, a crusty thickset business man, aged about 55, in an up-to-date business suit. ACT II, evening clothes.

MRS. SUSANNA THORNDYKE, a mild buxom woman of about 50, in modern walking costume. ACT II, evening dress.

ELEANORE, a pretty girl of 18, in a becoming and stylish walking gown. ACT II, evening dress.

ROLAND UNDERWOOD, aged 25. ACT III, red and yellow ribbons in buttonhole of coat.

DAVID GRAHAM, aged 24. ACT III, football uniform and sweater.

PHIL. MORLEY, a thickset, good-looking youth of about 24. ACT II, evening dress. ACT III, regulation football uniform.

FRED. TENEYCK, aged about 21.

RICHARD THORNDYKE, aged 19. ACT II, Tuxedo-suit. ACT III, football uniform.

ALGERNON LEIGH, a caddish youth of 21, rather loud in dress.

MR. HARRIS, a shrewd, sharp, hard-bargaining Hebrew, about 40. Quite sporty in general appearance.

SHELBY, a well proportioned, ruddy complexioned, good natured middle aged man, wearing white sweater, long trousers, white canvas shoes.

SUSIE SPRIGGS, a pretty innocent girl about 15, plainly dressed; hair done up in curl papers. ACT III, a dress of variegated colors with ribbons, and a large hat. ACT IV, warmly clad.

MATILDA PENFIELD, an attractive girl of about 20, rather flashily dressed. ACT II, evening dress.

NOTE.—Unless otherwise specified all costumes are modern and appropriate to characters portrayed.

**INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.**

Book, filled cigarette case, money, revolver, pen, ink, paper for RICHARD.

Wash-basket filled with newly ironed linen, statement, small parcel, chewing gum, tin horn for SUSIE.

Cigarette, hat, cane, stick-pin in tie, two flasks, chrysanthemum, college flag of red and yellow, tickets, card for memo., pencil, tray with bowl of broth, piece of pie, dish of fruit and other eatables covered with napkins, tray with cocktails, for LEIGH.

Book, Rugby ball, money, for DAVID.

Money, receipt, pen, watch, field glasses and phial for HARRIS.

Suit-case, handkerchief, and college colors for ELEANORE.

Suit-case and umbrella for THORNDYKE.

Note-book and pencil, also newspaper for UNDERWOOD.

Revolver, and receipt for PHIL. MORLEY.

Package containing bottle for SHELBY.

**STAGE DIRECTIONS.**

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience,  
R. means right-hand; L., left-hand; C. center of stage;  
D. C., center door; D. R. 1 and D. R. 2, doors right-hand flat;  
UP, towards rear of stage; DOWN, towards footlights.





# A FOOTBALL ROMANCE

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SCENE.—*A pretty exterior setting showing chapter house up stage. This is a small structure, extending across stage from L. to R. with a porch supported by small pillars and reached by two steps. Door C. with a window on each side. At R., extending from DOWN front to chapter house, gates, supported by noble piers. R. C. a large tree with wooden bench built around it. Trees L. Green baize down, sprinkled here and there with fallen leaves. At intervals leaves fall from above. DISCOVERED RICHARD THORNDYKE seated on bench under tree, intently gazing at a book on his knee. ENTER L., ROLAND UNDERWOOD.*

RICHARD. Hello, Rollie, what's up?

UNDERWOOD (DOWN C.). Dave about?

RICHARD (*nods in direction of house*). Yep—up-stairs.

UNDERWOOD. Hard at it I suppose, for the exams. (*Going*) I won't disturb him now. (*Stopping abruptly*) Oh, how'd the team show up in practice this afternoon?

RICHARD. Only went over the signals.

UNDERWOOD. Any change in the line-up—that you know of?

RICHARD. Guess not—though that's for Dave to say. He's captain.

UNDERWOOD. Well I'll drop in and see him on my way back. Got a cig?

RICHARD (*tossing him cigarette case*). Help yourself.

UNDERWOOD (*takes cigarette*). Thanks. (*Lights same and then returning case, goes L.*) So long. [EXIT L.]

RICHARD. Be good. (*Looks intently at book*)

VOICE (*off R.*). Hello, Dick!

RICHARD (*aside. Closes book*). Confound it!—there it goes again! (*Looking R.*) That you, Murray?

VOICE. Yep. We're all going over to the village. Come along?

RICHARD. Not this afternoon. I'm trying to catch up.

VOICE. Studying, eh? What d'ye think of him, boys?  
(OMNES *off R. laugh heartily*)

RICHARD (*settling back on seat and re-opening book*). I wish they'd let me concentrate my mind on my work.  
(*Moves lips as if memorizing*)

ENTER R. SUSIE SPRIGGS, *carrying a large wash-basket filled with newly ironed linen, etc.*

SUSIE. Afternoon, Mr. Thorndyke.

RICHARD (*looking at basket*). That *our* wash?

SUSIE. Nope—Tom Brierly's.

RICHARD (*irritated*). When on earth is ours to be finished? You've had it over a week, now.

SUSIE. Maw's been laid up with the rheumatiz and had a deuced of a time.

RICHARD (*turning. Sharply*). That don't help *me* any.

SUSIE (*frightened, quickly picks up basket*). I'll hurry it over as soon's it's done. Early this evening—honor bright.

ENTER DAVID GRAHAM, *from house.*

DAVID. What's the rumpus?

SUSIE (L.). 'T ain't none—it's Tom Brierly's wash.

DAVID (*laughingly*). Oh! (*Coming DOWN C.*) Well Susie, how have you been?

SUSIE. Rushed ter death.

DAVID. Suppose that's on account of your mother's illness. How's she getting on?

SUSIE. Doc. said this mornin' she'll come around all right now.

DAVID. Glad to hear it.

SUSIE. Guess I'll vamoose. It's growing late. Good-bye.  
[EXIT L.]

DAVID (*looking after her*). Good-bye.

RICHARD (*who has been lighting a cigarette. To DAVID*). Rollie Underwood was just over to see you.

DAVID. That so? What about?

RICHARD. In regard to the line-up for to-morrow's issue. Said he'd drop in later.

DAVID (*going L.*). I'm going over to the library. Want to come along?

RICHARD (*blowing out smoke*). No. Guess I'll take a run to the village.

DAVID (*halting*). The village, eh? I suppose it's Tilly Penfield again?

RICHARD (*doggedly*). You're *always* harping on her.

DAVID (DOWN C.). Because I believe you're wasting a great deal of valuable time in her company.

RICHARD. Tilly's all right.

DAVID. She's rather fascinating in appearance, I must admit, but hardly the girl you'd care to introduce to your sister.

RICHARD. I don't know about that. I've never seen anything out of the way.

DAVID (*his hand on RICHARD'S shoulder*). My boy, this is your first year. I've been here—going on to three years now. I've watched others before you, who have devoted too much time to the social and too little to the practical side of college life. When it finally got down to the exams. they've found it a pretty tough proposition.

RICHARD. I admit I've neglected my work a bit the last month or so—but it was the football—

DAVID (*interrupting*). Not forgetting the night after night spent at the frat. gaming table.

RICHARD. Well,—that too, if you'll have it so.

DAVID. Oh, you know it as well as I do, Dick. So it means an uphill climb—a pretty steep one at that—to get back to the road; but if you put all energy to the wheel, there's no reason why you shouldn't get to the top again.

RICHARD (*after a pause*). I guess you're right—it's about time I did take a tumble. (*Up. Throwing cigarette away*) Dave—no more village or frat. affairs for mine until after the examinations.

DAVID (*offering hand*). Good resolve.

RICHARD (*shaking his hand*). Hereafter, it's going to be plug—plug—plug!

DAVID. Good again! And don't forget my standing offer. If I can assist you in any way with your studies—if there's any little point that's not quite clear—why, don't stand on ceremony—I'm yours to command.

RICHARD (*offering hand*). That's kind of you, old chum. I'm afraid, from the look of things, I'll have to call on you pretty often. (*Sits on bench*)

ENTER L., ALGERNON LEIGH, *smoking a cigarette and carrying a cane.*

DAVID. Hello, Algie.

LEIGH. Howdy. Going away?

DAVID. Only for a few moments.

LEIGH. Came over to pay you fellows a visit.

DAVID (*laughingly*). Dick will entertain you during my absence. [EXIT L.]

LEIGH (*looking at RICHARD*). Thanks. (*RICHARD looks intently at book. LEIGH pauses an instant, then sits on bench beside him, places hat alongside of bench, then twirls cane for a brief interval, casting glances at RICHARD. RICHARD, without paying any attention to him, continues to gaze at book. LEIGH clears throat and coughs in an endeavor to break awkward silence, then finally*) Busy, Dick?

RICHARD (*without looking up. Sharply*). No!

LEIGH (*after another awkward pause*). I'm afraid I'm bothering you.

RICHARD (*still looking at book*). Keep right on—I don't mind it a bit.

LEIGH (*business. Then after a pause*). That ought to be a bang-up game to-morrow. Expected to be able to make a few small bets. Wrote my dad that I wanted a hundred dollars to buy a lot of reference books. Foolishly I enclosed him a list of the books I was supposed to need and instead of sending me the money, he sent the books. Now what's a fellow going to do with a father like that? (*RICHARD irritated, continues to read. LEIGH glances at him and then twirls cane. Aside, finally*) Nice, sociable fellow I must say. (*After a pause, nudging RICHARD*) By the way, Dick—going to the dance this evening? There's to be a jolly crowd I'm told.

RICHARD (*up, throwing book on bench*). Oh, you go hang! [EXIT *angrily into house.*]

LEIGH (*indignantly*). Well, what do you think of that? (*Then calling after RICHARD*) I will not—I'll do no such thing—so there now!

ENTER R. MATILDA PENFIELD.

MATILDA (*espying LEIGH*). Hello Algie—old pal. (*Sits on bench beside him*) What's happened?

LEIGH (*offended. Rising*). That stupid Thorndyke fellow just insulted me. Told me to "go hang."

MATILDA. That's no reason why you should oblige him. (*Pulling him on seat*) Sit down and forget it.

LEIGH (*looking at her*). By jove Tilly—you're a pleasant sort.

MATILDA. Think so? We never got on very well together, did we? But that was my fault. I never thought much of you—because I didn't know you.

LEIGH (*conceitedly*). Oh—then you know me better now, what?

MATILDA (*adjusts his tie*). Algie you're all right. (*Locks her arm in his and becomes confidential, looking at pin in his tie*) Say, do you know, I think that one of the prettiest stick-pins I've ever seen?

LEIGH. Do you like it?

MATILDA. Let me get a better look at it. (*Removes pin from his tie and holds it off at arm's length*) Ain't that swell! And wouldn't it just match my light tie? How I should like to get one like it.

LEIGH. Really?

MATILDA (*toying with buttons on his coat*). Really.

LEIGH (*sighs. Reluctantly*). Probably I could buy another—

MATILDA (*enthusiastically*). Algie, do you mean it? Thanks awfully—you're a dear! I didn't expect you'd make me a present of this one.

LEIGH (*sadly*). Neither did I.

MATILDA (*UP. Going L., looking at pin*). It's certainly a beaut!

LEIGH (*sadly. Aside*). And I'm a fool.

MATILDA (*turning*). Oh, say, Algie, did you and Phil Morley ever make up again?

LEIGH. No—and we won't either if I can prevent it. He's up to his old tricks again. Hazed a lot of freshmen last night. He's always pulling ties and noses and I don't see why the boys stand for it. He knows enough to leave me alone though.

MATILDA (*laughingly going to him and patting him on cheek*). You always were an aggressive little fellow, Algie. That's right—you show fight.

LEIGH (*emphatically*). Just watch me some time.

ENTER L. PHIL. MORLEY.

MATILDA (*turning. Surprised*). Hello Phil.

LEIGH (*on entrance of PHIL., shows great concern. Picks up hat and cane, preparing to depart*). Oh Lor'.

PHIL. (*observing LEIGH*). I see you've got company, Tilly. (*Roughly pulling LEIGH's tie*) Glad to see you Leigh.

MATILDA (*to PHIL.*). He's just been telling me what he intended to do to you.

PHIL. He has—has he?

LEIGH (*greatly alarmed*). No—no——

PHIL. (*surveying LEIGH*). We've always been the best of friends—(*Pulling LEIGH's nose*)—haven't we, old chap?

LEIGH (*business*). Guess I'll be going.

PHIL. (*roughly seizing him by coat collar*). Don't run away. We don't see you very often.

MATILDA. Let him go, Phil. He'll tell the Dean—and there'll be a row.

PHIL. I know—but somehow I like Algie. (*Giving him a shove*) Sorry you can't stay a while.

LEIGH (*confusedly going L. To PHIL.*). You big bully, you wouldn't dare do that again.

PHIL. Wouldn't I? (*Makes dash as if about to follow him*). We'll see about that.

LEIGH (*greatly alarmed*). Help! Murder!

[EXIT *confusedly* L.]

PHIL. (*turns to MATILDA*). And what's brought you here? Haven't I always told you to keep away from the college grounds?

MATILDA. I didn't come to see you.

PHIL. (*angrily*). No—I suppose it's Dick Thorndyke again.

MATILDA (*coquettishly placing her hands on his shoulders*). Now don't be jealous, Phil.

PHIL. (*throws her hands from his shoulders*). Leave off—will you? I don't want everyone for miles around seeing you do that.

MATILDA. What is the matter, Phil? You've grown so irritable of late, one can hardly talk to you. Is it because of Dick?

PHIL. You're spending altogether too much time in his company.

MATILDA. I like the dances and receptions and *you* won't take me. You've grown ashamed of me—that's what. I'd die from loneliness if I waited for you to call and see me— (*Bitterly*)—and yet, it isn't so long ago, you professed to love me.

PHIL. I love you *still*, Tilly—you know that.

MATILDA (*pleadingly*). Then show it by taking me to the dance to-night. You promised it, Phil.—over a month ago.

PHIL. (*reluctantly*). So I did, Tilly—but things have taken a change since then—and I don't feel like going.

MATILDA. But *I* do. Ah come, Phil., take me just this once— (*Pleadingly*)—just this once.

PHIL. (*after a pause, looking at her intently. Reluctantly*). Well, all right—it's a go.

MATILDA (*joyously*). That's good of you, Phil. I knew you wouldn't refuse when you learned my heart was set on it. I'll wear that white silk dress you gave me and the—

PHIL. (*sharply*). Will you stop that rot! Never mind all that! I'll be at the house early this evening. Now for pity sakes go! go!

MATILDA. All right— (*Going*)—I'll be ready when you come. But remember Phil.—don't—please don't—disappoint as you usually do.

PHIL. (*irritated*). No, no. Haven't I told you I'll be there? Go! go!

MATILDA (*throws him kiss*). Good-bye. [EXIT R.]

PHIL. (*looks after her. Bitterly*). How I've come to hate that woman! She's getting to be a nuisance now. I wish I'd never set eyes on her.

ENTER RICHARD THORNDYKE *from house*.

PHIL. (*coming c.*). Ah Dick! Well, what have you decided?

RICHARD (*coming DOWN*). Nothing as yet.

PHIL. Come, come, man—the time is growing short. We've got to know one way or the other.

RICHARD (*sinking on bench—his eyes on ground*). I guess it's the *other* way, then.

PHIL. (*apprehensively*). You mean—you're not going into the thing?

RICHARD (*quietly*). That's about the size of it.

PHIL. (*firmly*). Oh, I won't stand for that.

RICHARD (*up. His eyes flashing*). Then you have your alternative.

PHIL. (*patting him on shoulder*). Come, come—don't flare up. Let's talk this over in a sensible way. It isn't possible you thoroughly understand matters.

RICHARD (*crossing*). The trouble is—I *understand* too well. You'd have me throw the game.

PHIL. It's not a matter of *throwing* anything. I intend to work with you. It's simply what might be termed "pulling"—you and I. Nobody would ever suspect—no one will ever know.

RICHARD. But Dave has set his mind on winning. It means a whole lot to him and I can't—

PHIL. (*quickly*). Even if we play our hardest—there's no certainty we'll win out. There's always that chance. Somebody's got to lose. I appreciate all this rot about college sentiment and pride—but look what it means to *us*? You owe money to a number of the boys, Dick, and *I* could square accounts with the steward. (*Placing hands on RICHARD'S shoulders*) Come Dick, you gave me to understand last night that it was all right. Harris will be here directly for an answer. What do you say? Is it a go?

RICHARD (*after an effective pause—moving to L.*). No—I can't do it.

PHIL. (*irritated*). Damn it man, you're worse than a woman in the matter of changing your mind. (*Going to gate*) Well, you'll have to tell Harris the thing is off—I won't. (*Motions as if beckoning someone to come*)

RICHARD. What are you doing?

PHIL. I'm putting it up to you.

RICHARD (*apprehensively*). You don't mean he's coming here?

PHIL. And why not? What's the harm?

RICHARD (*alarmed*). But if Dave should return?

PHIL. (*coming down and facing him*). See here, Dick, why don't you do the square thing? You told me time and time again that your old man keeps his purse strings mighty tight, and I've seen enough in the city to be aware of that fact. You've gone it a bit strong, you must admit that—too strong for your own good. Here's an opportunity of making five hundred apiece without turning a hand, without running the slightest risk. (*RICHARD sinks on bench*) Come, come,



old chap, what do you say? (RICHARD *looking down remains silent. After a pause PHIL. gives a sigh*) You make me tired. (Then as if irritated, impulsively moves to L.)

ENTER R., MR. HARRIS.

HARRIS (*anxiously*). Vell is it all settled?

PHIL. Settled? No! there's a hitch.

HARRIS (*disappointed*). Goodness gracious—how's that?

PHIL. (*disgusted*). Dick has gone back on his word.

RICHARD (UP. *Angrily. Crosses to gate*). Since I never gave my word on the subject, I couldn't very well have gone back on it.

HARRIS. Easy gentlemen—easy. We don't want no hard feelings in this matter.

RICHARD (*looking off*). Then advise your friend to be more careful of his remarks.

PHIL. (*sighing*). Have it *your* way, then. You made no opposition to the plan last night. Let's say that I misconstrued your attitude on the subject.

HARRIS (*now c.*). Dis is certainly a fine state of affairs. If the thing's up der flue—where do I come in? I've put up a cool thousand on the Haverly team at three to one. Who's going to reimburse me for that?

ENTER L. DAVID GRAHAM, *unnoticed by others. He carries a book. Observing them, he noiselessly goes up on porch, intently watching.*

PHIL. In any event, I've the satisfaction of knowing it wasn't my fault. (To HARRIS) What do you say to this proposition? Your money is up. Say you make it an even break—a thousand a piece if the Rogers team loses?

HARRIS (*worked up*). Yoi, yoi, yoi, yoi! (*Shaking head in negative*) No, no—I wouldn't hear of it. I'm putting up the money.

PHIL. And running a mighty good chance of losing it—unless Dick comes around. Don't be a fool.

HARRIS (*after a pause. Reluctantly*). Well—I suppose a third is better than nodding. (Then impulsively) Let it go at that—but believe me gentlemen, it's nothing short of robbery!—clear robbery!

PHIL. (*turning to RICHARD*). Now what do you say? (*Looking intently at RICHARD an instant, who still continues to look from gate*) What's the matter, can't anything bring

you around? You owe me three hundred. I've waited two months. You ought to make *some* effort to pay me back.

RICHARD (*still looking off*). You'll get your money all right.

PHIL. (*sneeringly*). I've heard that story before. (*To HARRIS*) Capt's put a lot of foolish notions into his head about college pride and all that sort of thing.

HARRIS (*laughs. With sarcasm*). College pride! College nothing. Look what we cleared up on last year's game when Nelson and you—(*Referring to PHIL.*) "pulled." (*PHIL. chuckles. Rubbing his hands*) I tell you *that* was a bizness.

RICHARD (*looking off. Quietly*). I haven't discussed the subject with Dave Graham—and it's a mighty good thing for both your necks that I haven't.

HARRIS (*to RICHARD*). Never mind all that, my boy.

PHIL. (*to RICHARD*). Come on Dick—be reasonable. Let's have a favorable answer. Remember—it's a third each, now.

RICHARD (*after a pause*). You say there's no risk of being found out?

PHIL. Absolutely none. I've assured you on that score a dozen times.

HARRIS (*anxiously*). Vy my boy, do you think I would be in it if there was any danger? (*Places finger significantly alongside of nose*) I wasn't born yesterday—nor the day before either.

RICHARD (*weakening*). Well—

PHIL. (*eagerly*). You'll do it?

RICHARD (*after a pause*). I guess so.

PHIL. (*slapping him on shoulder*). Good.

[EXIT DAVID *quietly off into house.*

HARRIS (*taking money and receipt from pocket. Handing him money and holding out receipt*). Here's five hundred on account and a little—

RICHARD (*emphatically*). Oh, I won't sign any papers!

HARRIS. Phil's given me one.

RICHARD. I'm not bound by Phil's actions.

HARRIS (*pressing bills in his hand. Confidentially*). My friend, don't get excited. It's only a receipt fer der money.

RICHARD (*changing tone*). But why is one necessary?

HARRIS. Ain't I entitled to *some* protection? Of course—of course. (*Forcing pen in his hand*) Come—sign.

RICHARD. Well as long as Phil's—

HARRIS (*quickly*). Dot's a gentleman. It's the regular way of doing bizness. (*Indicating place to sign*) Sign your name here.

RICHARD (*impulsively signs receipt*). Now what about the plan of action?

PHIL. We'll meet you in town at Tilly's this evening as we agreed—only be punctual—I've got the dance on. (*To HARRIS*) Come old man—I'll see you to the main gate. I've got a few things I want to talk over with you.

HARRIS. Very well. (*To RICHARD*) Now remember—don't fail me.

RICHARD (*quietly*). I won't—I won't. (*Sinks on bench. HARRIS and PHIL. EXIT R. Takes cigarette from case and nervously rolls it between his fingers*) It's a dirty piece of work I've engaged to do—but I suppose, now that I've agreed to it—I've got to—

ENTER *quietly from house* DAVID GRAHAM.

RICHARD (*nervously starting up*). That you Dave? Find what you wanted?

DAVID (*comes down c.*). Yes. (*Then after a pause. Reluctantly*) Dick—I'm sorry—very sorry—but you can't play with the team to-morrow.

RICHARD (*permitting cigarette to fall from hand. Staggered*). Can't play? Why not?

DAVID. There'll be no traitors on any team of which I am captain.

RICHARD (*worked up*). I don't understand, Dave. What are you driving at?

DAVID. I overheard the conversation you had with your esteemed visitors of a moment ago.

RICHARD (*staggered—then angrily*). Oh, I see—eaves-dropping, eh?

DAVID. Call it what you will—thank heaven, I've been warned in time! (*Then brokenly*) Oh Dick! Dick! (*Coming down*) And I placed such confidence in you! (*RICHARD sinks on bench in despair. Bitterly*) An honest man, at the first suggestion, would have struck them down. I stood there—(*indicates spot*)—waiting—waiting—to hear one word in denunciation of the scoundrels and their contemptible plot—but no!—no! (*Brokenly*)—you bartered with them! Even to weighing the risk of the despicable

undertaking! Oh, Dick! Dick! how could you? how could you?

RICHARD (*affected*). I'll admit I made a mistake—a bad mistake—they argued with me and wouldn't take no for an answer. I endeavored to put them off but wasn't strong enough to combat their advances. There's still time to undo the wrong. I'll demand that they release me—I'll refuse to join them in their miserable scheme!

DAVID (*bitterly*). This is rather a poor time for such speeches.

RICHARD (*despairingly*). I know your faith in me is shattered—but I'll prove to you that it was only a momentary weakness. (*Up. Firmly*) I'll win that game to-morrow if I die for it. (*Pleadingly*) Please Dave—please let me play.

DAVID (*angrily*). Play? You play? (*Emphatically*) I wouldn't let you play if we had to line up with only ten men.

RICHARD (*pleadingly*). Dave—think of what the boys will say? There'll be a lot of ugly rumors—the folks back home may get wind of it. Look at the position in which I'll be placed? Give me another chance, Dave—I'll play a square game—I promise you that. (*Placing hands on DAVID's shoulders*) Trust me—just this once more—for old time's sake.

DAVID. Trust you? (*Angrily throwing him off*) Never again will I do that. From this moment we are quits! I'll see to having your quarters changed at once! (*Starts to go*)

RICHARD (*seizing his hand. Imploringly*) Dave! Dave! Listen to reason! You don't understand! Let me explain!

DAVID (*breaking his hold*). I'm done with you! Let me go, do you hear? Let me go! (*Starts L.*)

ENTER R. ELEANORE THORNDYKE, *carrying a suit-case, followed by MALCOLM THORNDYKE, carrying a valise and umbrella, and MRS. THORNDYKE.*

ELEANORE (*running to RICHARD*). Dick! (*RICHARD turns around and ELEANORE joyously throws arms around his neck and kisses him. THORNDYKE and MRS. THORNDYKE quickly DOWN and embrace RICHARD. DAVID who has halted at their entrance now moves around to R. of tree*)

RICHARD (*recovering his surprise, looks from one to the other*). Mother! Dad! Sis! Whatever brought you here?

ELEANORE. We came up for the game to-morrow.

THORNDYKE. Eleanore's been reading a lot of trash about those football games in that college paper mailed to us each day. Nothing would do—we all had to bundle up and come on for this championship affair.

RICHARD. And you didn't so much as drop me a line.

MRS. THORNDYKE. *Also your sister's doings.*

ELEANORE (*joyously*). I wanted it to be a complete surprise.

THORNDYKE (*to RICHARD, spinning him round*). Well, my boy, let's take a look at you. Your mother's been worrying herself gray ever since you left home. (*Critically surveying him*) It hasn't made any change in your appearance that I can see.

ELEANORE (*to RICHARD*). But where's your chum? I'm just dying to get a look at him.

RICHARD. Oh, yes. I'll introduce you. (*To DAVID, with an effort*) Dave? (*DAVID turns*) I want to introduce you to my folks. (*Presenting MRS. THORNDYKE*) My mother. (*To MRS. THORNDYKE*) Mother, this is Mr. Graham. (*Presenting THORNDYKE*) My father—

THORNDYKE (*warmly shaking his hand and looking him over*). Glad to meet you, young man.

RICHARD (*presenting ELEANORE*). And my sister, Eleanore.

DAVID. I'm very glad to know you all.

ELEANORE (*to DAVID*). So you're the *great* Captain I've read so much about.

DAVID (*quietly*). I am captain of the football team—if *that* is what you mean.

ELEANORE. The papers are just filled with accounts of *your* brilliant playing.

DAVID (*laughingly*). Is that so? Well you can't believe *all* you read. (*RICHARD, THORNDYKE and MRS. THORNDYKE are up near steps, busily conversing*)

ELEANORE. Dick's mentioned you ever so many times in his letters and I do believe I liked you—that is admired—rather *knew* you long before we were introduced.

DAVID. Then our long distance acquaintance has been somewhat mutual for your brother has often spoken of *you*.

ELEANORE. You don't say. (*Then as if to change topic*) They must be awfully exciting—these big games.

DAVID. Ever witness a football game, Miss Thorndyke?

ELEANORE. Oh dear, yes. Dick, you know played end on

the local school team for several seasons and I used to be the—the—(To RICHARD) Dick, what did the high school boys call it?

RICHARD. The mascot.

ELEANORE. That's it—"The mascot." It was only in fun, you know,—and we did have such good times.

DAVID. I can imagine that.

ENTER R., *breathlessly*, PHIL.

ELEANORE (*spying him*). Phil.

PHIL. (*appears greatly surprised*). Hello everybody! (RICHARD *comes slowly down R. of DAVID*. PHIL. *joyously to THORNDYKE*) Mr. Thorndyke! Well! well! well!

THORNDYKE. Phil., my boy! (*Warmly shakes his hand*)

PHIL. (*to MRS. THORNDYKE, shaking her hand*). And Mrs. Thorndyke! (*Then to ELEANORE*) And Eleanore! (*Shaking her hand*) This is like the old days!

ELEANORE. Isn't it?

RICHARD (*aside. To DAVID*). For God's sake, don't let on what's happened! (*Sinks on bench*)

PHIL. (*to ELEANORE and others*). I could hardly believe it when the boys told me Dick's folks had arrived. Dick, the sly fox, never said a word about it.

ELEANORE. Good reason. He didn't know.

PHIL. That's it eh? How long are you going to remain?

THORNDYKE. If I had my way we'd have *remained* in the city. These are busy days at the factory.

MRS. THORNDYKE (*to PHIL*). We return immediately after the game. Just had to drag Dick's father to the depot.

THORNDYKE. Well, you won't have to do much dragging on the get-away, I want to tell you. If I had *my* way—Dick'd give up this tom-foolery and get into active business life.

MRS. THORNDYKE (*reprovingly to THORNDYKE*). Don't always say that! Give the boy a chance to amount to something in the world.

THORNDYKE. Amount to something? Did I have a college education? Wasn't I sitting at a desk at three dollars a week when I was thirteen years old and when I was Dick's age, couldn't I write my fortune in six figures? Show me the college graduate who can do that? No siree—they don't turn 'm out that way. It's football—dead languages—and a whole lot of what-not winding up with the tacking of an

N. G— an X. Y. Z—or some *other* equally meaningless letters at the end of one's name.

PHIL. (*to ELEANORE*). I'll see you over to the hotel—it's just across the way.

THORNDYKE. That's the boy. I want to wash up.

DAVID (*taking suit-case from ELEANORE*). Allow me to carry that.

ELEANORE. Thank you. (*OMNES start for L.*)

RICHARD (*up to PHIL.*). Phil.—can I have a word with you?

PHIL. I'll be back in a jiffy.

RICHARD (*anxiously*). But I must see you now. It's very important—imperative! In regard to to-morrow's game.

ELEANORE (*to PHIL.*). The welfare of the game should supersede everything. You'd better remain.

PHIL. (*apprehensively*). Well—all right. (*To others*) You'll excuse me, won't you?

OMNES. Certainly.

[EXIT L. *conversing.*]

PHIL. (*waits until they are gone—then looks cautiously around and comes down to RICHARD*). What's up?

RICHARD. Just this. I've reconsidered my decision to join you in to-morrow's—

PHIL. (*quickly interrupting*). What do you mean?

RICHARD. That I'm out of it. (*Taking money from pocket*) Here's the money—just as it was handed to me. Take it and return me that receipt.

PHIL. (*taken aback*). But hold on Dick,—that's no way of doing business.

RICHARD. I've seen the error of my ways. I made a mistake. You've got to release me. I won't be a party to it. (*Extending money*) Here's your money—now give me that receipt.

PHIL. (*stubbornly*). You can't go back on us that way. You gave your word—we've counted on it—and you've got to stand by to the finish.

RICHARD (*angered*). I'm not a child. You can't intimidate and force me to do it. (*Emphatically*) Here's the money—I now demand that receipt!

PHIL. And I refuse to give it up. So there's an end to it.

RICHARD. As far as I'm concerned—(*Emphatically throwing money on ground*)—there is an end to it. I'm out of it and I don't care what you do. (*UP on porch, pointing to money*) You can take or leave the money—just as you prefer.

[EXIT *into house.*]

PHIL. (*looking after him*). What's got into the fool, I wonder? (*Looks at money and then finally picks it up*) This is certainly a nice state of affairs. But I won't let him off as easily as all that. (*Calling after him*) Dick! Dick, I say. Just a moment. You don't understand matters. Let me explain. (*Sun begins to set*) [EXIT *into house*.]

ENTER GRAHAM *and* ELEANORE L.

ELEANORE (*looking around*). Why, Dick's gone.

DAVID. Probably in his room. He'll be down in a little while.

ELEANORE. Then let us wait for him here. (*Sits on bench*)

DAVID. Very well. (*After a pause*) I noticed, Miss Thorndyke, you'd met Mr. Morley before.

ELEANORE. Oh dear, yes. You see, his father was formerly one of dad's partners in business. We've known each other a number of years. (*Making room for him on bench*) Won't you be seated?

DAVID. Thanks. (*Sits beside her*)

ELEANORE. Isn't the frat. giving a reception to-night?

DAVID. So I understand.

ELEANORE. Why aren't you going?

DAVID. What would be the use? I can't dance.

ELEANORE. Isn't that too bad! Do you know, you're missing a whole lot of enjoyment?

DAVID. I've always been a clumsy sort—and though I've tried a dozen times or more—I've never made a success of it.

ELEANORE. You shouldn't get discouraged. All that is necessary is practice and a little confidence.

DAVID (*lightly*). I've got *that* all right. The trouble is, I started at the game too late. It's like breaking a colt, I fancy. If you wait until he's reached a certain age—it's impossible to make a good animal of him.

ELEANORE (*smiling*). That's one way of looking at it—but I can't say that I quite agree with you. We're none of us ever too old to learn.

DAVID. I suppose if I'd been born in the East it would have been different. But where I came from—Arizona—they're not much on dancing and the other frills. While most of the boys attending college here, were being taught their music, dancing and the like,—I was learning how to ride a broncho, strap a burro and rope a steer.



ELEANORE (*looking at him in admiration*). Why, I didn't know that? Dick never wrote me a word of it.

DAVID. I don't believe he knows.

ELEANORE (*eagerly*). Won't you please tell me all about it? It must have been a grand life—so gay—so free—so full of romance!

DAVID (*smiling*). It reads well enough in a story book but after roughing it a while—the romantic part of it wears off and ranch life becomes monotonous. At least, it did with me and I tired of my associations—the surroundings—in fact, everything! It was one humdrum—day after day—night after night. Even in those days I was somewhat of a studious turn and I longed to see more of the world of which I knew so little. As I had no strings to tie me down to any one place—my parents having died when I was little higher than the alfalfa—one night I broke camp and worked my way Eastward.

ELEANORE. And did you find this new field what you expected?

DAVID. Not at first. My ambition had keyed me up to believe I would succeed to great things—and I laugh now when I think how I was destined to disappointment. You'd be surprised to learn what I had to do for a living in those first dreary days. Pretty near everything from a waiter in a cheap hotel—to a bank clerk. Then, some of the land dad had staked out years before proved to be more valuable than even he had pictured in his wildest dreams—and one morning I awoke to find my troubles over—and a lot more money on my hands than was really good for me.

ELEANORE. How interesting! (*Admiringly*) And now you're going to be a lawyer.

DAVID (*laughing*). Merely trying to be. Though the one thing I had always been striving for, I soon began to realize that money isn't everything. I tired of traveling about with nothing to do—it proved a dog's life—and so, I drifted here—and well, I've met the best people on earth and spent the three pleasantest years of my life.

ELEANORE. But surely you're going to settle down when you graduate and practice your profession?

DAVID (*shrugging shoulders*). I don't know. There's really no reason why I should. You see there must be an incentive—something to keep a fellow interested—something to bind him down. I'm of that roaming disposition—very

likely—(*Looking at her*)—unless I find *my* something—as soon as I get the sheepskin I'll hike back—(*Apologetically*)—I beg pardon, return to the plains again.

ELEANORE. It must be awfully nice to have so "happy-go-lucky" a nature.

DAVID. Don't you imagine I get more out of life than if I saw only from the serious point of view?

ELEANORE. Of course—of course. (*Then changing subject*) You'll pardon my asking a question, won't you?

DAVID. Why of course—what is it?

ENTER PHIL. *from house observing ELEANORE and DAVID, starts and then noiselessly comes DOWN, and stands in shadow of tree, listening.*

ELEANORE. What sort of man, in your opinion, is Phil. Morley?

DAVID. Really—I didn't expect—

ELEANORE. I imagined it *would* surprise you. You see, dad thinks the world of Phil.—and though I can't share his—(*Quickly adding*) But I won't burden you with the facts. I simply want to know what you think of him. Don't you know,—from what you've observed during your association with him.

DAVID. Phil's rather a good sort. I can't say anything against him and wouldn't like to do so if I could.

ELEANORE. You're not afraid—

DAVID. Miss Thornydke, that doesn't enter into it—only I'd a great deal rather remain silent than not be able to say a good word for a man.

EXIT PHIL. *quietly r. looking back at them.*

DAVID (*up*). He's always treated me courteously—and I—well, I know nothing against his character.

ELEANORE (*up*). That's some consolation—though I heard a number of young men coming up on the train telling about some of his escapades at college here and naturally that aroused my curiosity. It was wrong of me to question you about him—I trust you'll forgive me.

DAVID (*laughing*). Why there's nothing to forgive.

ELEANORE (*looking around*). It's growing dusk. Whatever can be keeping Dick, I wonder?

DAVID. Perhaps I'd better hunt him up. (*Going toward house*) He's probably up in "the shack."

ELEANORE (*wonderously*). Shack?

DAVID (*on porch*). That's what we call the "Bungalow" or rather—(*Laughingly*)—our room.

ELEANORE (*enthusiastically*). Oh! the room! Do you know, brother's written page upon page about it in his letters describing everything.

DAVID. Perhaps you'd care to take a look around? We'll undoubtedly find Dick at work up there.

ELEANORE. Won't I be intruding?

DAVID. Not at all.

ELEANORE. Very well, then. [EXIT *both into house.*

ENTER UNDERWOOD and SUSIE L., *each having hold of end of basket.*

UNDERWOOD (*setting basket down*). Well Susie—I'll have to leave you now.

SUSIE (*taking up basket*). Much obliged for the lift.

UNDERWOOD. Don't mention it.

SUSIE (*going R.*). See you at the dance ter-night, I s'pose.

UNDERWOOD. Hope so. (*Looks up at second story of frat. house*)

ENTER PHIL. *from R. looking at receipt.* SUSIE *looking back at UNDERWOOD, collides with him.*

PHIL. (*angrily*). Get out of the way, you brat!

SUSIE (*making face at him*). Bah. [EXIT *haughtily R.*

UNDERWOOD (*calling aloud*). Dave! Dave I say!

PHIL. (*observing him and placing receipt in pocket*). Looking for Graham?

UNDERWOOD. Yes. Know where I'll find him?

PHIL. (*with sarcasm*). Guess he's too busy shattering other peoples' reputations to see *you* now.

UNDERWOOD. What's happened?

PHIL. (*showing anger*). Oh, nothing. What are you after?

UNDERWOOD (*taking note-book from pocket and opening page*). Say, old man, maybe you can help me. I've been holding copy of "The Collegian" for to-morrow's line-up.

PHIL. I can give you that. It'll be the *same* as yesterday.

ENTER DAVID *from house.*

DAVID (*emphatically*). No it won't—there'll be two changes in the make-up of the team. (*Comes DOWN C.*)

UNDERWOOD (*surprised*). Two? (PHIL. *starts*)

DAVID. Yes. (*Taking note-book and pencil from UNDERWOOD and scratching out names and inserting others*) Substitute Bennet for Thorndyke and put Pryor in this man's place. (*Nods in PHIL.'s direction*)

PHIL. (*enraged*). Are you referring to me?

ENTER ELEANORE *from house, remaining on porch.*

DAVID (*coldly*). Exactly. You can't play to-morrow.

PHIL. (*indignantly*). And why not?

DAVID (*returning book to UNDERWOOD*). For reasons which you know full well.

PHIL. (*bitterly*) You bet I do. You're trying to hurt me before the eyes of the woman I love. Oh, I heard the little story you told Eleanore Thorndyke a few moments ago. You're not man enough to come out in the open and say the same things to my face.

DAVID. I don't recall that I said anything detrimental to your character.

PHIL. (*wildly*). You blackened my reputation to make yourself solid in her eyes—and now you're deliberately keeping me out of the game to show me up and—

DAVID (*interrupting*). Enough of this, Phil. For your own sake, don't force me to tell the truth.

PHIL. (*worked up*). Never mind your threats! Go ahead—let's hear your fairy tale!

DAVID (*looking him in the eye*). It's because you've sold yourself to throw the game.

PHIL. That's a lie! a *damned* lie—and you know it! (*Strikes DAVID blow across face with gloves. DAVID raises clenched fist about to strike PHIL.*)

ELEANORE (*now at his side, appealingly*). Dave.

DAVID (*recovering self-composure. Slowly lowering hand*). You'll be sorry for that!

*Picture.*

QUICK CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*The study room about nine o'clock in the evening of the same day. The scene represents a student's room in a dormitory adjacent to the University Building. Door C. with lock. Single doors R. 1 and R. 2 (both opening in). DOWN L. is a large open fireplace. UP L. a large bay-window looking out over the campus. A long, wide seat, well filled with pillows, cushions, and over-hanging drapery, is built in and about the window, forming somewhat of a recess, portieres now being drawn open over the same. A large arm-chair is before the fireplace. Fireplace is lighted. L. C. is a library table, with a chair R. and back of it. A couch R. C. To the R. of C. door and against wall is a book-case. The room is decorated with bric-a-brac, photographs of actresses, several Hogarth prints, Gibson and Christy drawings, pictures of various athletic events, college colors, boxing gloves, fencing masks and foils. The table is littered with books, papers, etc. a lighted student's lamp, box of cigarettes, match-holder and a vase of roses are also on same. Coats and hats on coat tree near door. Carpet and rugs down. Blue light streams in through window.*

ENTER RICHARD D. C.

RICHARD (*goes to D. R. 1. Knocks*). Dave! Dave! (*Moves to table*)

ENTER DAVID R. 1.

DAVID (*quietly*). What is it?

RICHARD (*who appears anxious*). The folks will be over for the dance to-night. They're anxious to see the rooms. Do me a favor, Dave, and don't let on that we've decided to break quarters. Keep it a secret until after they leave—they'll be going day after to-morrow.

DAVID (*quietly*). I don't want to do anything to injure you in their eyes—we've been too good friends in the past for that. It's quite agreeable to me—we'll let things run on as of old, until they've departed.

RICHARD. Thanks—thanks. (*With effort*) Then there's

another thing. They've come on here especially to see me in the game to-morrow and——

DAVID (*emphatically*). No, I won't change my stand on that.

RICHARD (*appealingly*). You don't know what I was about to say. I don't so much care about not being in the game—it's the reason for being kept out that bothers me. (*Pleadingly*) For God's sake, Dave, don't let them know the truth. It would break the old gent's heart, I know,—and as for mother and sis—? (*Brokenly*) Isn't there a way out of it?

DAVID. I'd like to help you if I could.

RICHARD (*quietly*). If it's all the same to you,—I'll tell them I'm not feeling well.

DAVID. Perhaps, after all, that *would* be the better way.

RICHARD (*anxiously*). And if they question you?

DAVID. I'll do all in my power to keep the truth from becoming known.

RICHARD (*offering hand*). You're a good sort, Dave.

DAVID (*shaking his hand*). I'm only sorry this thing has come about. But I'm captain of the team and responsible for its showing on the gridiron. You can't blame me for the stand I've taken.

RICHARD (*warmly*). I only blame myself. I would have done the same as you—had I been in your place.

ENTER SUSIE SPRIGGS D. C., carrying a basket filled with laundry-work.

SUSIE. 'Xcuse me—I fergot ter knock.

DAVID. Never mind. Come right in.

RICHARD (*to SUSIE*). I'd almost despaired of your showing up to-night.

SUSIE. It is pretty late—ain't it? We had ter hustle like the mischief ter get through.

RICHARD (*taking up basket and going to D. R. 2*). I'll be out in a minute. [EXIT D. R. 2.

SUSIE. Don't hurry on my account.

DAVID (*DOWN to table, taking up book and turning pages*). Sit down, Susie.

SUSIE (*sits on couch*). Thanks.

DAVID. Suppose we'll see you over at the game to-morrow?

SUSIE. Couldn't very well go on without *me*. I was to go to the dance ter-night but Auntie couldn't finish the dress

she's makin' fer me. (*Suddenly*) Say—I do hope you boys win.

DAVID (*looking at book*). We're going to do our best.

ENTER RICHARD D. R. 2, with empty basket.

RICHARD (*to SUSIE. Handing her basket*). Here you are.

SUSIE (*handing him statement*). And here you are. (*RICHARD looks at statement and then hands it to DAVID*)

DAVID (*looking at statement*). That all. (*Takes money from pocket. Hands a bill to RICHARD*) Here's my half. (*RICHARD hands two bills to SUSIE*)

SUSIE (*who has been watching them with interest*). You fellers always whack up everything. Pals ain't yer? (*DAVID doesn't answer, but turns to table and busies himself with books*)

RICHARD (*embarrassed, clears throat*). Yes—yes. (*To SUSIE—changing topic*) By the way—there's a white vest missing. Better speak to your mother about it.

SUSIE (*at D. C.*). All right—and if it's ready—I'll bring it over. Much obliged fer the money. (*Opens door*)

DAVID (*suddenly*). Oh, hold on a moment. (*Taking roses from vase*) You can take these along with you.

SUSIE (*taking roses. All smiles*). Thanks awful. Maw always did like flowers and they'll cheer her up, I know.

[EXIT D. C.]

RICHARD (*going to D. C.*). Going below, Dave?

DAVID. No—I'd be out of place down there. Guess I'll stay in to-night.

RICHARD. I'm going over to the hotel first to call for the folks. (*Opens door*)

ENTER THORNDYKE, MRS. THORNDYKE and ELEANORE.

THORNDYKE (*to RICHARD*). Hello, Dick, we were just about to pay a brief visit.

RICHARD. And I was on the point of calling for you. (*DAVID up*)

THORNDYKE. You don't say? (*To DAVID*) Pardon our forcing ourselves upon you in this manner, Mr. Graham, but Eleanore's been telling us so much about these rooms that my wife—

MRS. THORNDYKE (*to THORNDYKE*). Now Malcolm—don't always put it on to me. You were quite as anxious as any of us.

THORNDYKE. Have it your way, then. (*To DAVID*) We thought we'd like to look around a bit.

DAVID. I'm very glad you came.

THORNDYKE (*looking around*). Very cosy—I must say. (*Taking up photograph of actress from top of book-case and intently gazing thereon*) Ah! I see you've got a lot of high kickers on the premises, too. (*Reprovingly to RICHARD*) My boy, I can't say that I much admire *this*.

MRS. THORNDYKE (*pointedly to THORNDYKE*). Then please leave off staring at it so. (*DAVID and ELEANORE laugh heartily. THORNDYKE clears throat and hurriedly replaces photograph*)

RICHARD (*opening D. R. 2*). This is my room.

MRS. THORNDYKE (*looking in*). Certainly very comfortable. (*To THORNDYKE*) Do let us look around.

THORNDYKE. Yes, my dear, yes. (*Knock on D. C.*)

[EXIT both D. R. 2.

ENTER SUSIE SPRIGGS D. C., *chewing gum and carrying a small parcel.*

SUSIE. Here's the vest. Had it mixed with Rollie Underwood's duds. Met him in the hall. (*ELEANORE UP from couch. To ELEANORE*) Did I scare you Miss? 'Xcuse me.

RICHARD (*taking parcel from her*). That's all right, (*SUSIE is about to EXIT*)

ELEANORE (*to RICHARD*). Is this the Miss Penfield you've so often mentioned in your letters?

RICHARD. No, that is Susie Spriggs, our wash-lady's daughter. (*SUSIE bows with a grand sweep*) Susie (*Introducing ELEANORE*) my sister.

SUSIE (*wiping hand on dress and then offering it*). Pleased ter meet you.

ELEANORE. Do you belong to the college?

SUSIE. Nope—I belong down the village. (*Looking at ELEANORE'S dress*) Gee! what a pretty dress. Going to the dance I suppose.

ELEANORE. Yes.

SUSIE. Goin' ter stay over fer the game too, ain't yer?

ELEANORE. Expect to.

SUSIE. S'pose you'll root? Yer want ter whoop it up fer the "yellow and red" and good and hard!

ELEANORE. I presume you intend doing your share.



SUSIE. Shure? Jes' watch me. (*Removing gum from mouth. Then enthusiastically*)

“Boom a lacka—boom a lacka

Bow! Wow! Wow!

Ching a lacka! Ching a lacka! Chow! Chow! Chow!

Boom a lacka! Ching a lacka! Boom! Ba! Bix!

Rogers University, Nineteen-six.”

Ain't that the way ter do it? Well I guess! (*Placing gum in mouth*) See you later! [EXIT D. C.]

ELEANORE. She's certainly an enthusiast. And I imagined I had it bad. (*To RICHARD and DAVID*) You know—ever since I subscribed to the college paper and read about the games, I've been so anxious to do my share in assisting the team to victory. I hope you boys do splendidly.

DAVID (*quietly*). Thank you.

ELEANORE (*to RICHARD*). And Dick,—*you* must do something to make us all proud of you. (*Enthusiastically*) Wouldn't I cheer if only you could do something to win the game for your side—and wouldn't mother and dad be overjoyed!

RICHARD (*with effort*). I'm afraid I won't be able to play to-morrow.

ELEANORE (*UP. Surprised*). Won't be able to play? Why, whatever do you mean?

RICHARD. I'm not in condition—I'm a bit under the weather—I—I—(*Changing subject*) Please Eleanore—I'd a great deal rather we didn't talk of it just now. I'll explain it to you later. (*Dashes hand across forehead. Then referring to parcel in his hand*) I'll put this out of the way—be back directly. [EXIT D. R. 2.]

ELEANORE (*puzzled—looking after him*). Whatever can be the matter with the boy, I wonder? (*Turning. To DAVID*) Won't *you* tell me?

DAVID (*troubled*). I—the fact is——

ENTER PHIL. D. C.

PHIL. I beg pardon—(*Pointedly to DAVID*)—I thought *you'd* be quite alone.

DAVID (*sharply to PHIL.*). You'll find Miss Thorndyke is chaperoned by her parents if you take the trouble to look in there. (*Points to D. R. 2*)

PHIL. (*looking off* D. R. 2). That's different. (*To ELEANORE*) I called at the hotel but you'd gone.

ELEANORE (*sits on couch*). We waited sometime after the appointed hour.

PHIL. I was detained in the village on business. (*To DAVID*) Dave—I know you're a little bitter toward me after the exhibition I made of myself this afternoon—and I want you to accept my apology. I quite forgot myself.

DAVID (*quietly*). We're all liable to make mistakes in the heat of passion. As far as I'm concerned—the whole thing's blotted out.

PHIL. (*anxiously*). Then—you're going to let me play to-morrow?

DAVID (*surprised*). Let you play. (*Crossing to R.*) No, no—that is out of the question. If you only expressed your regrets with the idea of making me change my position—I'd much rather you hadn't expressed them at all. (*At D. R. 1*)

PHIL. Then there's no possibility of my lining up with the boys?

DAVID. I think I've made my meaning quite clear on that point. [EXIT D. R. 1.]

PHIL. (*looking angrily after him*). So *that* also failed.

ELEANORE. Whatever is the trouble between you two? You seem always to be quarreling.

PHIL. I'll tell you. I'm a candidate for next year's captaincy. I'm making a strong fight of it and he knows that if I played to-morrow, I'd show him up and undoubtedly assure my election and *his* defeat.

ELEANORE (*indignantly*). I don't believe he'd stoop to practices as low as that.

PHIL. (*surprised*). Don't you though? (*Then regretfully*) Eleanore—Your attitude toward me has changed since this afternoon. I've hardly been able to say a word to you. But with Graham it's different. You've been in his company almost constantly—

ELEANORE (*indignantly*). Phil. Morley!

PHIL. (*continuing*). You can't deny it—and now when I come here unexpectedly to see *him*—I find you—

ELEANORE (*haughtily*). I won't listen to you. You have no right to speak to me like this. (*Starting to cross toward D. R. 2*) I'll call my father.

PHIL. (*catching her hand. Passionately*). You can't blame me for being worked up. Eleanore, I admired you in

the days, when, as children, we went to school together—and now that you've grown to womanhood I love and adore you. That's why I sometimes forget myself when speaking to you—that's why I—(*Attempts to take her in his arms. Knock on D. C.*)

ENTER *immediately* MATILDA PENFIELD, D. C., *in time to see ELEANORE draw away from PHIL.*

MATILDA (*surprised*). Heigho Philly! (PHIL. *appears confused. To PHIL.*) They told me I'd find you up here.

PHIL. (*in trouble. Introducing TILLY*). Eleanore—this is Miss Penfield. (*To TILLY, presenting ELEANORE*) Miss Thorndyke.

ELEANORE (*looking at MATILDA in surprise*). Then you are the Tilly I've heard so much about?

MATILDA (*returning her gaze*). And you're Dick's sister, eh? (*Offering hand*) Put it there! (*Warmly shakes her hand*) Oh we'll get on together—for I like your style. I'll show you around and make it lively for you. The boys all know me—(*Slapping PHIL. on chest*)—don't they Phil. old boy?

ELEANORE (*shocked. Aside*). "Old boy!" Gracious!

PHIL. (*thoroughly angered. To MATILDA*). Never mind all that. (*Reprovingly*) Be a little careful—will you? (*Goes up to window and looks out*)

MATILDA (*looking after PHIL. Dazed. To ELEANORE*). That certainly is throwing the cold water over a fellow, ain't it? "Be a little careful, will you?" (*Shivers*) I never thought that o' Phil.—no, sir, I sure didn't. (*Significantly*) And that's my pard! You know Phil. and I are on the best o' terms—old friends—*very* old friends.

ELEANORE (*surprised*). Indeed!

MATILDA. Why yes. Surely he must have mentioned the fact to you, that we are to be—

PHIL. (*wheeling around. Sharply*). Tilly!

ELEANORE (*to PHIL.*). I'll join the others. (*Coldly to MATILDA*) You'll pardon me—won't you? [EXIT D. R. 2.

MATILDA (*looking after her*). What's the matter with her, I wonder? Guess I didn't make extra good.

PHIL. (*DOWN—angrily*). What the devil ever brought you here, anyway?

MATILDA (*facing him*). Because you lied to me this even-

ing over at the house. You said you weren't going to the dance—and here I find you all togged up and——

PHIL. (*sharply*). I don't want any more of your talk, Tilly. We've reached pretty near the breaking point. I tell you, I'm *not* attending the dance and that ought to satisfy you.

MATILDA. It *ought* to—but it doesn't. (*With sarcasm*) Oh I'm *on* all right. I see the attraction—Dick's sister. She came on unexpectedly placing you in a peculiar predicament. And I suppose your promises to me are scratched—tabooed. Well, trot along. Tilly Penfield's all right when there's no other girls around. Go ahead—run your limit. *She—(Referring to ELEANORE)—*won't be here forever and I'll have you comin' back to me before the week's out. (*Bitterly*) But don't imagine you can throw me over as easy as all that!

PHIL. (*angered*). Take care—don't go too far.

MATILDA (*her eyes flashing*). If you don't protect me I'll protect myself, and unless you keep to your promise and marry me I'll——

PHIL. (*facing her. Apprehensively*). Well—what?

MATILDA. I'll cause a scene that'll show you up in your true colors.

PHIL. (*changing manner*). See here Tilly, I'm in a pretty mess. I confess I stated what wasn't exactly so—but it was because I thought you'd get all worked up if I told the truth. I knew Dick's sister in the city—she's an old friend of the family—and all that sort of thing. Now when she came on unexpectedly this way—in a measure—it was up to me to do all in my power to make her visit an agreeable one, don't you see? So when it was suggested—I, of course, had to promise to take her to the dance. That was all. Can't you see the position in which that placed me?

MATILDA. But why didn't you explain it to me this way when you were at the house?

PHIL. (*puzzled*). Why? Because I didn't think you would believe me. You see I'm perfectly candid. (*Patting her on shoulder*) They're only going to stay two days. It wouldn't do to have her go back telling my people that I slighted her. You're the only girl I really care for. Now be the Tilly of old—give up your idea of attending the dance to-night just to please me—and let's forget what happened just now.

MATILDA. Then you don't really love her?

PHIL. Pshaw! What in the world ever put that silly

notion into your head? Of course not. Can't you trust me any more?

MATILDA. Yes, but—

PHIL. I mean to do right by you Tilly, my word upon it. Only you must grant me the time I've asked for. Under my father's will, if I marry before I'm thirty—(*Quickly adding*) But you *know* all that. I've explained it to you dozens of times. Now go, go, before the others return—I don't want them to carry back tales to my people. (*Gets her to D. C.*) There's a good girl. I'll see you to-morrow—after the game.

MATILDA. You really mean it? To-morrow?

PHIL. Yes. Now go! go!

MATILDA (*throwing her arms about his neck. Passionately kissing him*) Phillip! [EXIT D. C.]

PHIL. (*angrily looking after her. Bitterly*). Damn her! I suppose *now* it's all off as far as Eleanore is concerned. I'll never be able to explain Tilly's behavior. (*Waltz music by orchestra off, very pp.*) Hello, the dance is on.

ENTER THORNDYKE and MRS. THORNDYKE D. R. 2.

THORNDYKE (*to PHIL.*). Just got over, Phil.?

PHIL. Yes—detained in town.

ENTER ELEANORE and RICHARD D. R. 2.

THORNDYKE (*to PHIL.*). About time we went below. I don't want to remain up too late. I've got to be in shape for the excitement of to-morrow. (*To MRS. THORNDYKE*) Come, Susanna. (*Moves to D. C.*)

MRS. THORNDYKE. Yes dear.

THORNDYKE (*to ELEANORE*). I presume Phil. will act as your escort.

PHIL. (*stepping forward*). Why yes, I—

ELEANORE (*taking RICHARD'S arm*). No—Richard has promised to take me.

THORNDYKE (*surprised*). Eleanore—

PHIL. (*staggered*). I thought that you promised—

ELEANORE. I've changed my mind—that's all. (*To RICHARD*) Come, Dick.

[EXIT ELEANORE and RICHARD, arm in arm D. C.]

THORNDYKE. Well, I'm blessed!

MRS. THORNDYKE. What ails the girl, I wonder?

THORNDYKE (*to PHIL.*). Had a spat, I suppose—a lover's quarrel. (*With forced laugh—patting PHIL. on shoulder*)

It'll all come out right in the end, my boy,—I know from experience. Susanna and I had similar disagreements during the days of our courtship—*years* ago.

MRS. THORNDYKE (*indignantly*). It wasn't so *many* years ago, Malcolm.

THORNDYKE (*placing arm about her*). Long enough though—for us to forget all about them, my dear. (*To PHIL.*) I'm sorry for you, my boy. Whatever started it?

PHIL. (*doggedly*). I can't explain in any other way save that she loves another.

THORNDYKE *and* MRS. THORNDYKE (*staggered*). Another?

PHIL. Yes. She hasn't been the same toward me since she met this Graham fellow.

THORNDYKE (*puzzled*). Graham fellow? Why, you don't mean—? (*Looks in direction of D. R. 1.*)

PHIL. He's told her a lot of things about me that aren't true.

THORNDYKE. And my daughter—my Eleanore gave credence to them? (*Feelingly to PHIL.*) Phil. lad, it has been my one desire to see you both happily united as man and wife. I can't—I won't believe that my wishes have so ruthlessly been dashed to earth.

PHIL. I can give you no other reason for her coldness toward me.

THORNDYKE. Outside the fact that Dick has made a chum of him, we know little or nothing about this Graham. His ancestors—where he came from—everything! is a blank as far as we are concerned. (*Firmly*) I'll put an end at once to Eleanore's foolish infatuation for the fellow and give her to understand—that from henceforth she is to see him no more. (*To MRS. THORNDYKE*) Come Susanna. (*To PHIL.*) Join us in the palm room, Phil., later in the evening. I want to go into this matter—more fully.

[EXIT THORNDYKE *and* MRS. THORNDYKE D. C.]

PHIL. (*chuckling*). I guess I've put a damper on Graham's ambitions after that.

ENTER DAVID D. R. 1.

DAVID. Have the others gone?

PHIL. Yes. I purposely remained to have a word with you.

DAVID. I thought we'd *quite* exhausted our topic of conversation.

PHIL. It's in regard to *another* matter. Dick's sister.

DAVID (*looking PHIL. in the eye*). I don't intend to discuss the lady.

PHIL. Neither do I. I'm going to give you some advice.

DAVID. Indeed!

PHIL. You want to keep out of the path of her father.

DAVID. Really!

PHIL. Eleanore is practically engaged to become my wife and he's advised her not to see or speak to you again.

DAVID. I'm thankful for the interest you've taken in *my* behalf.

PHIL. (*going to D. C.*). So if you realize what's good for you—be warned in time.

DAVID (*quietly*). Thank you.

[EXIT PHIL. D. C. *slamming door*.

DAVID (*stands as if dazed an instant*). What new devilry has he been up to, I wonder? I don't believe old Thorndyke would go to this extreme without, at least, giving me a hearing. And yet he's known Phil. Morley for years and would believe any statement emanating from him in preference to mine. *That* is only natural. (*Comes down to table*) What does it matter, after all? (*Pauses and sighs*) And yet—somehow—I've never admired any girl as I do this one. It's more than a passing fancy, this time—it's a lasting impression. I'll never get her out of my mind—I know, I'll never forget her. (*Sighs*) Pshaw, I'm getting to be a sentimental old fool. I, who vowed years and years ago, never to look at the same woman twice. I can't—I won't believe that I've fallen desperately in love. No, no—that's too unlike me. I'll think no more about it to-night—I'll let her fade from my memory forever. (*Removes coat and throws it off D. R. 1.*) But there's one thing I'll have to set myself right with the old man, if what Morley says is true. I'll see the old gentleman in the morning and give him my version of the affair. (*Sits at table*) And now to work. (*Takes up papers*) It's hard to be compelled to change signals after getting the others down so pat. It means practice to-morrow morning before the game—and that should have been avoided. But there's no way out of it. Morley knows the old signals and there's no telling—he may have given them out to the opposition. (*Looks at paper and then writes*) We'll change that "thirteen—twenty-one—and seven" (*Pauses, thinks and*

*finally deciding*)—to “nine—twenty-seven—and three.”  
(*Knock on D. C.*)

DAVID (*looking up*). Hello—who can that be, I wonder.  
(*Places book on papers. Knock repeated*) Just a moment—just a moment. (*Rises, goes to door and opens it. Waltz music ceases. ENTER LEIGH under the influence of liquor*)

DAVID (*surprised*). Well, well, Algie—you’re certainly in a pretty state.

LEIGH (*unsteadily*). Hic!—that’s what they just told me down stairs. Wouldn’t let me—hic!—go in for the dance!  
(*Sinks on couch*)

DAVID (*closing door*). And I don’t much blame them. Where have you been?

LEIGH. Over to the village. Shay—I met a lot of the Haverly boys and we got talking about the game to-morrow—and—

DAVID. The rest is apparent—you drank more than was good for you. (*Reproachfully*) Algie! Algie! whatever is to become of you—if you keep this up?

LEIGH (*looking at him*). Keep what up?

DAVID. Why this pace. My boy, you’ve been going at a pretty good clip the past few weeks.

LEIGH. Nonsense—there’s nothing the matter with me—hic! (*Draws flask from pocket and raises it to mouth*) Join me?

DAVID (*quickly*). Hold on, Algie! (*Takes flask away from him*) You’ve had more than is good for you, now. (*Places flask on table*) You mustn’t drink any more to-night.

LEIGH (*sullenly*). Mustn’t I? hic!—well, we’ll see about that!

DAVID (*crossing to D. R. 1, and opening same*). You’d better lie down on my bed and sober up a bit. I’ll see you over home later.

LEIGH (*stubbornly*). You’ll do nothing of the sort.

DAVID. Now don’t be headstrong, Algie. Take a friend’s advice.

LEIGH. That’s the trouble—hic!—I’ve been taking the advice of my friends all night.

DAVID. But not the right kind. Come, come, old chap. (*Goes to couch and assists him to feet*) There you are. Now do as I ask—please.

LEIGH. Well—all right. (*Goes unsteadily to D. R. 1. Turns*) Won’t you let me have another drink?



DAVID. No—not any more to-night.

LEIGH (*pleadingly*). Please—just one.

DAVID. No—(*Going to table, taking up flask and putting it on mantle*)—not another drop.

LEIGH (*with toss of head*). All right. (*Taking flask considerably larger than the other one from his pocket*) That settles it.

[EXIT *unsteadily* D. R. 1, *winking at audience*.

DAVID (*turning*). That's right—that's right. (*Goes toward D. R. 1 and closes it*) A half hour's sleep will bring him around again. (*Knock on D. C.*)

DAVID. H'm—it doesn't look as if I'd get much time for my work. (*Aloud*) Come in.

ENTER ELEANORE *breathlessly* D. C.

DAVID (*taken aback*). Miss Thorndyke!

ELEANORE (*nervously*). I don't suppose you'll ever forgive my coming to you in this way, but I really couldn't endure it any longer.

DAVID (*moving toward D. R. 1.*). Pardon me—I'll put on my coat.

ELEANORE (*nervously*). I'm only going to remain a moment. I wanted to ask you a question. (*With effort*) Is it true that my brother isn't in to-morrow's game?

DAVID (*halting*). Why—who told you that?

ELEANORE. Dick himself. Don't you remember? We were talking about it in this very room when Mr. Morley entered and interrupted our conversation. I've just come from Dick. He pretended he was unwell and seemed so desirous of evading my questions, that I came to ask you. Is it really so?

DAVID (*quietly*). Yes.

ELEANORE. And the reason,—if I may make so bold to ask?

DAVID. Has already been stated by your brother.

ELEANORE (*despairingly*). I know something strange has happened to-day. This afternoon I heard you charge Phil. Morley with having sold the game and *now* Dick has suddenly withdrawn—with no apparent excuse. I can't attribute it to illness for he was so enthusiastic only yesterday when we received his last letter. Tell me candidly, Mr. Graham, why he won't play?

DAVID (*with effort*). I can add nothing to what Richard himself has told you.

ELEANORE. Something tells me you are endeavoring to conceal the truth from me. Tell me, please tell me—was Dick in any way connected with Phil. Morley's wrong doing?

DAVID (*troubled*). Miss Thorndyke I—I—

ELEANORE (*quickly*). He was! he was! I can read it in your thoughts. "Actions speak louder than words" at times—and now I know the truth—the terrible truth. (*Brokenly*) Oh Dick! Dick! how could you—how could you!

DAVID (*feelingly*). I'm sorry Miss Thorndyke that matters have taken their present form—but it wasn't of my making—

ELEANORE. I don't blame you. It was Dick's boyishness that lead him into it—his inexperience with the world. But he'll do what's right if given another opportunity—I'll vouch for that. Only reconsider your decision, Mr. Graham, and let him play—please let him play to-morrow. (DAVID *remains silent*) Dick's made a confidant of Phil. Morley—who doesn't measure in my estimation at all, as a proper model to follow. That was his undoing. He's easily influenced and only needs someone properly to advise and encourage him. He thinks the world of you, Mr. Graham,—he's often said so in his letters. (*Taking hold of his arm*) Please—for my sake—let him play.

DAVID (*crossing to table*). I should certainly like to be of assistance to you, Miss Thorndyke—

ELEANORE (*pleadingly*). I don't know how you could better serve me than by granting my one request. Dick'll play for all he's worth—I assure you of that—for I'll speak to him myself, this very night, if only you say the word.

DAVID (*after a pause*). Miss Thorndyke, it would take a heart of stone to withstand your plea. I don't know how to answer save with surrender—

ELEANORE (*eagerly*). Then your answer is favorable?

DAVID (*quietly*). Yes—Dick can play.

ELEANORE. How good of you—you've made me so happy! And now, I'll give you another reason for my great anxiety. I don't know what incensed father against you—but he's just told me never to see or speak to you again. Phil. Morley must have been at the bottom of it—for I saw them talking together only a moment before. I knew if Richard was kept out of the game—father would imagine you did it because of his mandate against you—and I do so want to

make you both friends again before we leave for home.

DAVID. I can't imagine what has so suddenly prejudiced your father against me—it seems only the briefest interval since we were on the best of terms. (*Orchestra plays lanciers very pp.*)

ELEANORE. Never mind, he'll be all right by to-morrow. I'll bring him around, trust me for that. And now I must be making haste or they'll miss me below. (*Extending hand*) I want to thank you for what you've just done for me—I promise never to forget it.

DAVID (*taking her hand*). And I'll never forget you. (*Loud knock on D. C.*)

ELEANORE (*quickly withdrawing hand*). Who can that be?

DAVID (*lightly*). One of the boys, very likely.

ELEANORE (*alarmed*). I mustn't be found here—like this.

DAVID. That's so—it would be embarrassing. (*Quickly goes up and noiselessly locks door. Then in whispers*) S—h. Remain perfectly quiet and whoever it is will soon go away. (*Knock repeated*)

THORNDYKE (*heard without*). Open the door, do you hear? Open the door!

ELEANORE (*starting*). Father! (*Wringing hands*) Oh, what shall I do?

DAVID (*troubled*). Since he demands it—I can't very well refuse to open the door.

ELEANORE (*alarmed*). But think of me! He'll find me here—alone with you! (*Despairingly*) What a mistake I made in coming here this way. I realize it now—when it is too late. How can I ever explain my action?

THORNDYKE (*without, pounding on door*). Open the door, do you hear?

DAVID (*suddenly*). I have it! (*Drawing portieres*) Quick—get behind these.

ELEANORE. Oh please—please don't let them find me here. (*Gets behind portieres. DAVID glances hurriedly about room. Knock repeated*)

THORNDYKE (*thoroughly aroused*). Open the door—or we'll break it down!

DAVID. Yes, yes, I'm coming. (*Coolly opening door*) Why good evening, gentlemen!

ENTER THORNDYKE *angrily* D. C., followed by PHIL. *who glances anxiously around.*

THORNDYKE (*comes down c.*). Well sir, where is my daughter?

DAVID (*closing d. c.*). Your daughter? How should I know?

PHIL. (*insolently*). We're here to ask questions—not to answer them. [*Quickly goes to d. r. 2. and EXITS.*]

THORNDYKE (*to DAVID*). My daughter was seen to enter this room by Mr. Morley, despite the fact that I warned her but a moment before never to see you again, sir.

DAVID (*coming down and standing before d. r. 1.*). Mr. Thorndyke I am at a loss to—

THORNDYKE (*sharply*). You play your part well—but understand from the first that we did not come here to engage you in a war of words. (*Angrily*) Where is my daughter?

ENTER PHIL. D. R. 2.

PHIL. She's not in *that* room! (*Starts toward portieres, then turning and spying DAVID*) Ah—at last we know! (*Pointing d. r. 1.*) She's in there! (*Hurriedly comes down*)

THORNDYKE (*angered. To DAVID*). Open that door. (*DAVID shields door as if attempting to conceal someone*) Did you hear me, sir? Open that door!

DAVID. I don't feel called upon to comply with your demand.

PHIL. Then we'll find a way to make you.

DAVID (*loudly*). I warn you not to enter here.

THORNDYKE (*brokenly*). Eleanore—my child! How could you—how could you! (*Then with effort, recovering composure. Angrily*) Stand out of the way, sir, or you'll bring down upon you the wrath of an irate father. (*ELEANORE now cautiously out from behind portieres, unseen by others*)

DAVID (*coolly facing them and drawing their attention*) If you will only remain calm, gentlemen, I will be pleased to serve you, but I refuse emphatically to be disturbed from my work and bull-dozed—

PHIL. (*worked up. Interrupting*). You contemptible scoundrel, you add insult to injury, do you? Open that door, or, by God I'll—(*Draws revolver from pocket and levels it at DAVID. ELEANORE crosses to d. c. DAVID pulls d. r. 1 open. PHIL. and THORNDYKE make a step forward as if to peer into room. LEIGH, his clothing disarranged, his collar unbuttoned, his hair dishevelled, with empty flask,*

*stands in doorway. ELEANORE passes off D. C. noiselessly closing door after her)*

DAVID (*triumphantly to PHIL.*). Now are you satisfied?  
(PHIL. and THORNDYKE *aghast*)

*Picture.*

### QUICK CURTAIN.

### ACT III.

SCENE.—*A corner of the field, about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. Setting showing rear of foot-ball stands and dressing room of players underneath. Grand-stand on either side, running from R. C. off R., and from L. C. off L. A large double gate between the two stands. (The rear of stands only is seen. For the purpose of adding realism, spectators are seated on the highest row of seats, their backs to the audience, looking toward drop.) Under the stand L. are the dressing rooms of the Rogers Team. A door with sign over same bearing words "Rogers Quarters" leads to room. Wooden benches on either side of this door. Pail and tin dipper being on bench L. Wooden bench also against stand R. At corner of R. stand, a small leafless tree with several broken off boughs, so that HARRIS can climb same. Gates open from C. and out toward footlights. A small knot-hole in C. of one of the gates, used as a peephole. Drop at back shows football gridiron and goal. At rise of curtain cheering, tooting of horns, etc., heard off R. DISCOVERED SHELBY standing at gate anxiously looking off R.*

OMNES (*off R.*) "Rickerty, Rackerty, Rah! Rah! Rah!  
Haverly College,  
Sis! Boom! Bah!"

ENTER *from quarters* DAVID *wearing a regulation foot-ball uniform and sweater.*

DAVID (*to SHELBY. Cheering etc. dies out*). What's happened?

SHELBY. Haverly came near scoring a touch-down. Edwards made the tackle which saved the day.

DAVID. That boy's playing a corking good game. We'll have a hard time breaking through their line. They've a much stronger aggregation than last year.

SHELBY. Yes—but luck's been dead agin us. First it was Lawrence—then Morley had to be kept out—and this morning you—

DAVID. It *was* unfortunate that I should injure my side.

SHELBY. I always advised taking things easy in practice.

DAVID. It was no easy matter breaking the boys in to the new signals. In running with the ball I slipped—(*Cheer heard off R.*)

SHELBY (*peering off through hole*). Hello! what's that? Something's up!

DAVID. Guess I'll see what it is. (*Cheering ceases*)

[EXIT *through gate.*]

ENTER L. ALGERNON LEIGH, *a chrysanthemum in his button-hole and a college flag of yellow and red in his hand, while SUSIE SPRIGGS, carrying a tin horn, leans on his arm.*

LEIGH (*to SHELBY*). Hello "Pop" Shelby.

SHELBY (*turning*). Hello Algie—(*Then to SUSIE. Doffing hat*)—and Miss Spriggs. You're late.

LEIGH. I know—had to wait for Susie to get ready.

SHELBY (*chuckling*). Considering *that*, you're early.

SUSIE. Auntie didn't finish my dress until a couple o' minutes ago. (*Spinning around*) How do I shine up? Kinder scrumptious, I reckon.

SHELBY. Could see you coming a mile.

LEIGH. How's the game?

SHELBY. Pretty hot. First half's near over.

SUSIE. Gee whiz—should say we *are* late. And the score?

SHELBY. Ain't been any scorin' as yet. Haverly only got in a while ago,—an accident on the road delayed their train. The halves have been cut down to fifteen minutes—so's they can finish before sundown.

LEIGH (*handing him tickets*). Turn these in, will you? We don't want to go away around to the main gate. It'll take too long.

SHELBY (*scratching head*). It's agin orders but—

SUSIE (*giving him a shove*). Go ahead—what's bitin' yer? No one will say a word.

SHELBY. Well, seein' as how you ask it, Miss—

SUSIE. You can't refuse. (*To LEIGH*) Come on, Algie. (*Places horn to mouth and blows loudly*)

(*EXIT pompously through gate, followed by LEIGH.*)

SHELBY (*calling after them*). Hold on—you forgot to take the checks for your seats. Algie! Algie! (*Hurries off after them. Cheer heard off R.*)

ENTER *cautiously* R., MR. HARRIS *with field glasses thrown over his shoulder. He looks L. and then goes to gate and peers through hole.* ENTER *from quarters*, PHIL. *wearing a regulation foot-ball uniform, a sweater thrown over his shoulders, the arms tied around the neck.*

PHIL. (*espying HARRIS*). What's new?

HARRIS (*coming DOWN. Breathlessly*). We nearly had a goal a minute ago. Hendricks had the ball within five yards of the Rogers line when Edwards—the confounded meddler—made a tackle that robbed us.

PHIL. (*goes up to gate and looks off*). They haven't been able to retain the ground gained. Cox just nipped the ball from Rogers on a fumble. Never mind, we'll land the money yet.

HARRIS (*sadly*). Don't be too certain of that.

PHIL. (*coming DOWN*). Are you whining again?

HARRIS. How can I help it when I see the Rogers boys playing a stronger game than they ever did before? They'll walk away with it.

PHIL. (*his foot on bench*). P'shaw—you're seeing things! It's a patched-up team. Wait a while and then see them weaken. They won't be able to stand the gaff much longer and the Haverly eleven will romp away with the championship.

HARRIS. Let us hope so anyway. What made Graham keep you out?

PHIL. (*bitterly*). He must have got wind of things. It's made me look pretty shabby before the eyes of the faculty.

HARRIS (*quickly*). Yes, yes, Thorndyke! I bet he's told everything.

PHIL. Never mind—I'll get even.

HARRIS (*sadly*). Yes—but where will I come in? It's der money I'm after. (*Whistle heard off R.*)

HARRIS (*looking off*). Time's called!

PHIL. (*quickly to HARRIS*). They'll be returning here.

We'd better not be seen together. It may look suspicious. (*Goes into quarters*)

HARRIS (*sadly*). Yes—and it looks as if my money was up der creek. (*Moves R. Spectators gradually begin to leave stands*)

ENTER *from gate*, MRS. THORNDYKE, followed by THORNDYKE and ELEANORE.

THORNDYKE (*with sarcasm*). So that's what they term the "Great American game of foot-ball," eh?

ELEANORE. Isn't it just too exciting for anything?

THORNDYKE. Well, it's the roughest affair I ever saw.

[EXIT HARRIS R.]

ENTER *from gate* LEIGH.

ELEANORE. If Dick's team would only wake up and make a showing.

THORNDYKE. Didn't they lay out three of their opponents? What *more* could you ask?

MRS. THORNDYKE. I wish it were over. Something tells me my boy will be killed.

THORNDYKE (*DOWN C. With sarcasm*). If that's *all* that happens to him—I'll consider him lucky.

LEIGH (*assuringly to Mrs. THORNDYKE*). Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Thorndyke, Dick wasn't much hurt.

MRS. THORNDYKE (*excitedly*). Wasn't much hurt? Then it *was* my boy after all?

THORNDYKE. What are you driving at, my dear?

MRS. THORNDYKE (*to LEIGH. Excitedly*). That young man who was injured—don't you remember? The one they carried to the players' bench—tell me, tell me, wasn't that my son?

LEIGH. Yes, but—

MRS. THORNDYKE. I thought so! (*Gives a cry and sinks limply into THORNDYKE'S arms*)

THORNDYKE. She's fainted! (*To ELEANORE*) Quick! Some water! Do you hear? Some water! (*ELEANORE hurriedly goes to bench, fills dipper with water from pail. Looking hard at LEIGH as he struggles with Mrs. THORNDYKE*) And as for you—you blithering idiot—as for you—

LEIGH (*nervously*). Why, sir—I sincerely trust I said nothing to occasion your wife's distress.

THORNDYKE (*angrily*). No—of course not—you simply gave her to understand that—that—



ELEANORE (*interrupting him as she hands him dipper*). Here's the water, dad.

LEIGH (*aside*). There seems to be trouble brewing. Guess I'll go.

(EXIT *noiselessly through gate*. ELEANORE fans MRS. THORNDYKE with handkerchief.)

MRS. THORNDYKE (*drinks and moans*). Oh Dick—Dick, my boy. Let me go to him—let me—

ENTER *from gate*, RICHARD, a small piece of court plaster over his eye, assisted in by UNDERWOOD. A number of the players follow them, some going into quarters, others with sweaters thrown over their shoulders, grouping R. of stage and conversing.

MRS. THORNDYKE (*espying RICHARD—throws her arms about his neck*). Dick! Dick—my boy! (ELEANORE finally assists RICHARD to bench L.)

RICHARD. What is it, mother?

THORNDYKE. She thought you'd come to an untimely end—and little wonder. (*With sarcasm*) My boy, it isn't possible they object to *biting* in that game?

RICHARD (*indignantly*). Why ask such a ridiculous question, dad?

THORNDYKE. They *did* everything else.

MRS. THORNDYKE (*to RICHARD*). Thank goodness it's over!

RICHARD. Why, *that's* only the first half.

MRS. THORNDYKE (*alarmed*). Gracious! Then there's more to come?

RICHARD. Of course. I'm all right. Just a little cut over the eye. It doesn't amount to anything.

THORNDYKE. If I had *my* way—the boy never would have got mixed up in this confounded college business. The only thing he *knows* is football—and he doesn't appear to *know* enough about *that* to prevent being hurt. (ELEANORE, MRS. THORNDYKE and UNDERWOOD group about RICHARD)

ENTER *from gate* DAVID followed by TEN EYCK and other students in civilian clothes, wearing chrysanthemums and yellow and red ribbons.

TEN EYCK (*to DAVID*). That's no excuse, Dave. We'll lose this game unless something is done.

DAVID. He can't play—that's all. (TEN EYCK *and others* DOWN C. *crowd about DAVID*)

TEN EYCK (*to DAVID*). Now see here, Dave. Look at this thing in the proper light. Personalities should be brushed aside in a matter of this importance. Phil. Morley's the strongest player on your team—you've got to admit that—and yet you persist in keeping him out for no apparent reason whatever and substituting a weak man like Bennett.

DAVID. Boys—there is a *reason*—a *good reason*—why he isn't in the game.

TEN EYCK. Then what's the matter with letting the boys know what it is? It can't be lack of condition—and it's certainly not at his request—for he's told me himself of his anxiety to play.

DAVID (*endeavoring to get away. Emphatically*). I won't discuss the subject further. Morley's forfeited his right to play—and that settles it.

TEN EYCK (*worked up*). You're making a mistake, Dave. If the game is lost—it'll be up to you.

DAVID. I'm not seeking to shirk the responsibility.

TEN EYCK. Then we've had your final word?

DAVID (*firmly*). Yes—Morley can't play. (*Slowly into quarters*)

TEN EYCK. All right. (*To others*) Ready boys—one, two, three!

TEN EYCK *and OTHERS* (*begin to shout in chorus*). Morley! Morley! We want Morley! Morley! Morley! We want Morley! (*And locking arms, they EXIT off through gate, continuing their shouting until the sounds die out in the distance*)

THORNDYKE (*looking around*). What is this anyway—a lunatic asylum?

ELEANORE (*touching him on arm*). Hush papa.

UNDERWOOD (*who has been writing memoranda in notebook. To RICHARD*). What can be Capt's reason? Do you know?

RICHARD. Dave's doing it—and that's reason enough for me.

THORNDYKE (*looking around*). Where's that peanut vendor? I'm as hungry as a bear. Talk about hotels? That one in the village is the limit—and no mistake.

ELEANORE (*to RICHARD, wiping his forehead with her*

*handkerchief*). The first half was awfully exciting. I thought at one time, the other side would score.

UNDERWOOD. *My heart was in my mouth.*

THORNDYKE (*absent-mindedly*). Yes, sir—they handed me a steak this morning for breakfast—and I swear you couldn't get the fork—

MRS. THORNDYKE (*reprovingly*). Please do be quiet.

THORNDYKE (*turning on her*). Well—it's the truth, isn't it?

ENTER *from gate* MATILDA.

MATILDA (*to RICHARD*). Oh hello, Dick—glad to see you on deck! Thought they'd put you under the table. (*Patting him on shoulder*) Congratulations old man—on your playing.

THORNDYKE (*looking at her through his glasses. To MRS. THORNDYKE*). Who's *this* one?

RICHARD (*to MATILDA*). Allow me to present my mother, father and sister, Eleanore. (*Introducing MATILDA*) Miss Penfield.

MATILDA (*shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. THORNDYKE*). Howdy-do. (*To ELEANORE*) We've met before—haven't we? (*To THORNDYKE*) What did you think of our boys? Pretty near up to snuff, what?

MRS. THORNDYKE (*shocked*). Gracious—what language!

MATILDA (*to THORNDYKE*). The only trouble is, Capt. Graham is playing a lot o' dead ones. You should see them when they line up strong! Why we'd win hands down with Phil. Morley playing end. (*To RICHARD*) You want to shake a leg this time, Dick—and start something. (*THORNDYKE and MRS. THORNDYKE exchange glances. To RICHARD*) Why, there ain't any o' you playin' up to form. You all had a chance for a spiel when "Baby" Metcalfe flunked on that drop kick—but no—you did the Indian sign—and now they've got your number unless you get a move on. (*Players grouped R., now go off through gate*)

MATILDA (*observing them*). Hello—must be time fer the Ref. to toot his whistle. Wonder where Phil. can be? Any of you seen him?

UNDERWOOD. Not recently. (*To RICHARD, assisting him to feet*) Better let me help you inside. A few moment's rest will help considerably.

RICHARD (*rising*). I'm all right now. (*To Mr. and Mrs.*

THORNDYKE) You'd better be returning to your seats. They won't permit anyone to cross the field after time's been called.

MATILDA (*now R. To THORNDYKE*). That's all blarney—Mr. Thorndyke. Them rules have been in camphor so long—they've died a natural death. Why I'd hike up to the players bench if I felt like it. (*Sits on bench R.*)

THORNDYKE (*looking at her*). Very likely. (*To SUSANNA*) Come, dear. (*To ELEANORE*) Eleanore.

ELEANORE (*to RICHARD*). Now please do try real hard this half, Dick.

RICHARD (*pressing her hand*). I'll do my best, sis—I'll do my best. (*UNDERWOOD assists him to quarters*)

THORNDYKE (*halting at gate. Calling after RICHARD. In sarcasm*). And mind Dick—don't be rough.

[EXIT *through gate laughing heartily, followed by Mrs. THORNDYKE and ELEANORE.*

MATILDA (*referring to THORNDYKE*). He's a breezy old skate.

ENTER SHELBY *from quarters about to go through gate.*

MATILDA (*espying him*). Hello, Pop. (UP)

SHELBY. Tilly Penfield! Well! Well! Well! (*Looks at her*) I ain't seen you—

MATILDA. Since the night Willie Tremayne gave the Junior blow-out—

SHELBY. Three years ago! Billie was a good fellow. Whatever became of him?

MATILDA. Passed in his chips a few months after he graduated. (*Surveying SHELBY*) Gee, but you're puttin' on weight. Turn around! (*Wheels him around*) You used to be a pretty trim fellow when first I met you. You wanter train down.

SHELBY (*chuckling*). Same old Tilly. How's doin's?

MATILDA. Nothing extra. There's a wozy crowd here, now.

SHELBY. So they tell me.

MATILDA. Save for a few—all the spenders have pulled up stakes. What's your specialty?

SHELBY. Oh, I manage to eke out a livin'. Train a baseball team in the spring—got a four year contract with the Rogers' boys in the fall—and between times,—well, I won't starve to death, that's certain.

MATILDA (*looking him over*). No—I guess not. (*Whistles*)  
A four year contract, eh?

SHELBY. Well—not exactly. It's all conditional—depending on the success of the team in to-day's game.

MATILDA. Oh—then it's a matter of rooting for your bread and butter. Sorry I'm on the other side of the fence.

SHELBY. Why, ain't you—?

MATILDA. No—my money and sympathy's with the Haverly boys. (*Quickly*) Seen Morley about?

SHELBY. He's inside. Want him?

MATILDA. If it ain't troubling you too much.

SHELBY. Not at all. (*At door of quarters. Calls off*)  
Morley! Morley! (*To MATILDA*) Still living in the same place?

MATILDA. Sure. Drop in and see us some night. You'll always find a few of the old guard on hand.

SHELBY. Thanks—I will.

ENTER PHIL. *from quarters.*

SHELBY (*to PHIL.*). Tilly wanted you.

[EXIT *through gate.*

PHIL. (*waits until he has gone. Then to TILLY. Irritated.*)  
What are you after, now?

MATILDA. Oh, don't be so grouchy. I think I can help you—if you'll only be half civil.

PHIL. Help me? In what way?

MATILDA. I'm on to the whole thing. The bet Harris made and all that.

PHIL. (*turning on her*). Who told you?

MATILDA. Harris himself. The poor old fellow was over at the house this morning according to an appointment which you *failed* to keep—and while waiting—I got it out of him.

PHIL. (*bitterly*). The fool!

MATILDA (*quickly adding*). Not without some coaxing, though. He's risked his all on the job—and I think there's a way of winning out.

ENTER HARRIS R.

PHIL. (*angrily to HARRIS*). You're a fine pill to go spouting all over town.

HARRIS. 'Vy, what's der matter?

MATILDA (*to HARRIS*). Phil.'s all riled up because you let me in on the ground floor.

HARRIS (*to PHIL.*). I only told Tilly—honest—my word upon it!

MATILDA. And it's probably a lucky thing for both of you that he did. (*To PHIL., pulling him around*) Now listen. (*Looks around*) I know you're dead sore on Dave Graham—

PHIL. (*bitterly*). Sore's not the word for it!

MATILDA. And I also happen to know about the throw-down you received from Dick's sister.

PHIL. (*looks sharp at her*). Why, how—?

MATILDA. Never mind! I've got eyes and ears—and make a practice of using them. I heard old Thorndyke rake you over the coals good and plenty for the break you made last night.

PHIL. Then you were—?

MATILDA (*coolly*). In the palm room—keeping tabs on you. It was right after you both came down from Graham's room! Oh, I wasn't fool enough to go home when you told me. I wanted to see your cards—and now I'm satisfied you might as well throw your hand on the deck—for you haven't a chance in the world of marrying the Thorndyke girl.

PHIL. You know too damned much.

MATILDA. Thanks—that's the first compliment I've had out of you in a long time. Now, if you're looking to get even?

HARRIS. We're *looking* to win the money—dot's the principal thing.

MATILDA. Then there's a way of accomplishing it. (*Glancing around before speaking. To PHIL.*) You'd be surprised at the wonderment expressed by the people in the stands at you're not being in the game. Now, if someone was to spread the rumor that Graham had sold the game—and was purposely keeping you out to bring about the defeat of the team—

PHIL. Pshaw, it's too late for that!

HARRIS (*to PHIL.*). Wait—wait—let her finish—don't be so quick mit your decisions right away.

MATILDA (*continuing*). It would spread like wild fire. They're just in the spirit for it. Next, if it were possible, in some way or other to keep Dick Thorndyke out of the second half—the crowd would demand that *you* be put in. Then, if Dave refused—and the game was lost—

HARRIS (to PHIL.). Don't you see? We'd win der money und you'd get credit besides.

MATILDA (to HARRIS). Why, it would insure Phil's election to the captaincy to-night without a doubt.

PHIL. (*thoughtfully*). With Dick out of the game—the playing strength would be considerably weakened. (*Then as thought occurs*) Ah, but suppose Graham *did* meet their demands and sent me in—? That would put it up to me?

HARRIS (*quickly*). Yes—und couldn't you hold back? Chuck such a bluff dot you are playing for dear life? Yoi, yoi, man—vat is der matter mit your head?

PHIL. (to MATILDA). You're right Tilly. It's a good scheme. I'm out now to show these people that I can't be trampled under foot. I mean to defeat that—(*Suddenly looking in direction of quarters*) S—h. Someone's coming. (HARRIS *quickly crosses and stands well L. of stage, near water pail*)

ENTER RICHARD *from quarters, followed by* UNDERWOOD.

MATILDA (to RICHARD). Why, Dick—surely you don't intend to return to the game?

RICHARD. I've got to stick to the finish.

MATILDA. Yes—but you're so weak. Pride is one thing, you know—and fool hardiness another. You ought to have a substitute.

RICHARD. I know—but Capt.'s in no shape to play and—(*Espying MORLEY—rises*)—I wouldn't let you take my place because I know what's in *your* mind.

PHIL. Is that so? (*Bitterly*) I haven't seen the crowd set wild by any star work on *your* part!

RICHARD (*worked up*). Well, I'm playing honest—and that's more than *you* would do.

PHIL. (*angered*). You dare say that to me? (*Suddenly springs at RICHARD, clutching him by throat, and bringing him down on one knee*) Take it back! Take it back, do you hear?

MATILDA (*catching PHIL. by arm*). Phil.! Phil.! You're making a serious mistake! (PHIL. *realizing his error, quickly throws RICHARD to ground*)

UNDERWOOD (*immediately at RICHARD's side assisting him to bench*). Some water—one of you! Quick! (RICHARD *is weak and limp*. HARRIS *hurriedly has taken phial from pocket and emptied contents in water pail beside him*)

MATILDA. Yes, yes. (*Hurriedly has crossed to pail, filled dipper and is about to turn and hand it to UNDERWOOD*) Here you are!

ENTER DAVID *from quarters.*

DAVID (*coolly taking dipper away from her*). I wouldn't give him that—if I were you. (*To UNDERWOOD*) You'll find fresh water near the players' bench.

UNDERWOOD. All right. (*Hurriedly crosses c. and starts toward gate*)

RICHARD (*up*). Never mind. I don't need any. I'm quite myself again. [EXIT HARRIS L.

PHIL. (*to GRAHAM*). That's a nice way to insult a lady.

DAVID (*removing pail from bench*). I don't imagine even the lady can properly find fault with what I did or said. [EXIT *with pail into quarters.*

UNDERWOOD (*to RICHARD*). I'll assist you, Dick.

RICHARD. Thank you. (*Going up to gate. Turning to PHIL.*) We two aren't quits, as yet.

[EXIT *with UNDERWOOD through gate.*

PHIL. (*bitterly*). You can bet we're not. I hold the trump card—that receipt! (*Spectators begin to resume seats on stands*)

MATILDA (*to PHIL., patting him on shoulder*). Never mind, Phil.—there's still my part of the work to be done. I won't fail in that.

PHIL. Tilly, you're a dear. It's our only salvation. [EXIT MATILDA *through gate.*

Whistle blows off R. ENTER *from quarters* DAVID, *followed by other players.*

DAVID. Now, boys, you've got to make this half count! Force the issue at all times—don't waste a minute. Remember, it's our last opportunity!

[EXIT *through gate followed by the others.*

Cheer heard off R. PHIL. *goes up to gate and is about to EXIT when SHELBY ENTERS confronting him.*

SHELBY (*restraining him*). Hold on, Phil. You can't go on the oval. It's the captain's orders. He's raised a ban against you. (*Closes gate*)

PHIL. He's made a personal grudge—a college affair.



SHELBY (*blocking his way*). I don't know anything about that. Those are my orders and I've got to obey them.

PHIL. (*coming down, shrugging shoulders*). It doesn't matter. I didn't want to see the game anyway.

[EXIT *into quarters*.

SHELBY (*cheers mingled with sounds of rattles, horns, etc., off R. Looking off*). The boys are holding their ground—but making little headway. If Phil. and Dave had played to-day we'd a—(*Sighs and comes down*) But why frame up excuses at this early stage? All isn't lost as yet. There may still be hope. (ENTER DAVID *from gate*)

SHELBY (*stopping at door of quarters*). How are you feelin', Capt.?

DAVID (*C. His hand to his side*). That side of mine is giving me no end of trouble.

SHELBY. Better see a quack about it. May have a couple of broken ribs.

DAVID (*sinking on bench L.*). It's not as bad as that.

SHELBY. Well, you never can tell. [EXIT *into quarters*.

ENTER *through gate*, ELEANORE *carrying the college colors in her hand*.

DAVID (*observing her—braces up*). Miss Thorndyke—aren't you watching the game?

ELEANORE (*DOWN C.*). What's the use? I haven't had an opportunity for cheering. (*At his side*) Why don't you permit Phil. Morley to play?

DAVID. Do you know, I purposely remained away from the players' bench to avoid being asked that very question?

ELEANORE. And is it then so difficult to answer?

DAVID. I'm afraid if the pressure continues, I'll have to tell the truth.

ELEANORE. The truth?

DAVID (*biting lip—then looking at her an instant*). Perhaps I shouldn't have said that.

ELEANORE. But it isn't true—I won't believe it of you.

DAVID (*puzzled*). Won't believe what?

ELEANORE. The things they are saying about you in the stands.

DAVID (*puzzled*). The things they are saying about me? (*Anxiously*) Tell me—what are they?

ELEANORE. Well—that you have purposely kept Phil. Morley out of the game—that you were not really hurt in

practice this morning—that you are feigning your indisposition—and that you have *sold out* to the opposition?

DAVID (*slowly rising*). Sold out? They dare say that? (*The truth dawning upon him*) My God!

ELEANORE. It isn't true—is it?

DAVID (*worked up*). True? True? I'll strike down the first man who dares accuse me of it. (*Cheer heard off R. Excitedly goes up to gate and looks off*). The Haverly boys are forcing matters, now. Look! They'll make a touch-down unless someone stops that runner. (*Suddenly*) There goes your brother! Good boy, Dick! Go it! They said you were weak! Show them that they were mistaken! Let them see what you're made of. Go it! Go it! Now, you've got him! That's the boy! (*Worked up—turning to ELEANORE*) He's brought him down! (*Spectators cheer*)

ELEANORE (*L. C. who has been anxiously awaiting result, enthusiastically waving colors*) Hurrah! Hurrah! It's the first opportunity for cutting loose I've had all afternoon. (*Whistle blows off R.*)

DAVID. What can have happened? (*Looking R.*) Someone's been hurt!

ELEANORE (*anxiously*). What again? I do hope it isn't serious.

DAVID. I must see who it is. (*Starts off. Stops suddenly*) Here's one of the boys, now.

ENTER TEN EYCK, *breathlessly, through gate.*

DAVID (*anxiously*). One of our men?

TEN EYCK. Thorndyke! He's out for the rest of the game.

ELEANORE (*starts*). Dick! (*Gives a moan*) I must go to him!

TEN EYCK (*to ELEANORE*). He's all right. Badly winded—that's all. They're bringing him here.

DAVID. And after that bully tackle. Too bad! Too bad! (*Begins hurriedly to remove sweater*)

TEN EYCK (*to DAVID*). You're not going into the game in your condition?

DAVID. There's no one else to take his place.

ENTER *from quarters* PHIL. and SHELBY—and *through gate* UNDERWOOD and several other players and spectators assisting RICHARD, *who is pale and limp.*

ELEANORE (*immediately goes up to assist him*). Dick! Dick!

RICHARD. I'm all right, sis—I'm all right. (*Sits on bench L. ELEANORE busies herself attending to him*)

TEN EYCK (*to DAVID*). Here's an opportunity of squaring yourself, Dave. Let Morley play.

DAVID (*emphatically throwing sweater down*). No—I won't hear of it.

TEN EYCK. You're deliberately throwing the game away.

DAVID. I'll take my chances on that.

OMNES (*in chorus*). Morley! Morley! We want Morley! Morley! Morley! We want Morley!

PHIL. (*who has crossed R. To DAVID*). That's just it—you're not taking any chances.

DAVID (*his eyes flashing. To MORLEY*). Don't you enter into this unless you want me to make public my reason for keeping you out.

PHIL. (*insolently*). You can't tell much more than we already know.

TEN EYCK (*patting PHIL. on back*). Good boy, Phil.—give it to him! (OMNES cheer MORLEY)

DAVID (*to PHIL. His eyes flashing*). What are you driving at? (*Whistle blows off*)

PHIL. I'll bet you can't honestly deny having sold this game?

DAVID (*strikes PHIL. a heavy blow, knocking him down*). You have my answer to that! I trust I made it plain enough. [EXIT through gate.

ELEANORE (*enthusiastically*). Good for you, Dave! (*Turns to RICHARD. OMNES general movement. PHIL. rises slowly. TEN EYCK assists him to feet*)

PHIL. Thanks, Fred. (*Cheer mingled with tooting of horns heard off R. Whistle heard off*)

TEN EYCK. Game's called!

[EXIT OMNES in confusion, through gates.

(PHIL., ELEANORE and RICHARD are now alone on stage.)

RICHARD (*to ELEANORE*). Help me to quarters, sis—I want to lie down.

ELEANORE. All right. (*Assists him to feet and EXIT into quarters. PHIL. wipes face with handkerchief and goes up to gate and looks off R.*)

ENTER MR. HARRIS from L.

HARRIS (*to PHIL.*). What was the row?

PHIL. (*reluctantly*). Nothing.

HARRIS. Nothing?—and he knocked you down? (*Endeavoring to get a look at PHIL.'s face*) He didn't hurt you—did he?

PHIL. (*sharply*). No, no, no—I tell you!

HARRIS. Don't go up in der air about it. How's Thorn-dyke playing?

PHIL. He's out of it.

HARRIS (*surprised*). Out of it?

PHIL. Yes, and Graham's taken his place.

HARRIS. Yoi, yoi—den Tilly's little scheme didn't work?

PHIL. Work?—no! Just as I predicted—it proved a rank failure. (*Looking off. Suddenly*) Hello! There goes a fumble! Haverly's lost the ball! (*To HARRIS*) I can't help feeling a bit worried. Dave Graham would lose his arm in an attempt to win this game. How many minutes to go?

HARRIS (*consults watch. Jubilantly*) I haven't kept time. Not over a few! (*Nudging PHIL. in side*) It's all right, Phil. If we can't win—at least it'll be a tie. We'll get our money back again. (*Cheer heard off*)

ENTER ELEANORE *from quarters, the colors in her hand, and observing them, stands in door-way.*

PHIL. (*looking R.*). Hello! (*Grasping HARRIS by arm*) What did I tell you? Graham's got the ball! (*Excitedly*) There he goes!

HARRIS (*endeavoring to look through hole in gate*) Let me see! Let me see!

PHIL. (*roughly pushing him out of the way*). Oh, get out of the way!

HARRIS. I can't even get a look for my money! (*Cheer heard off R.*)

HARRIS. Vat is it? Vat is it? (*Dances around and then spying tree, begins hurriedly to climb same getting on branch and looking R.*) I'll see anyway! (*ELEANORE, unobserved by others, excitedly mounts bench L., and on tip-toes anxiously looks off R.*)

PHIL. (*looking off*). He's got a lead, too—I want to tell you. Running like mad! Who's that just started after him?

HARRIS (*peering through field-glasses*) Eh? Oh, yes. Hobart the sprinter of the Haverly team. (*Excitedly waving arms*) Go it, Hobart! Go it!

ELEANORE (*enthusiastically*). Hurry, Dave! Hurry!

HARRIS (*worked up*). By golly, only forty yards to go! It's a race for the money! Yoi, yoi, yoi!

PHIL. Hobart's got the speed! He's gaining! See him? See him? (*Excitedly*) Keep it up! Keep it up!

ELEANORE (*on bench, still unobserved by others*). Please do hurry, Dave. (*Spectators are now showing their interest by standing up, anxiously looking off*)

PHIL. (*as if disgusted*). What's the matter, Hobart, old man? You're hardly moving! Come on! Come on!

HARRIS. Twenty yards to go!

PHIL. Dave'll make it. He'll make it I tell you! They'll win the game!

HARRIS (*on tree—to PHIL.—angrily*). Vell don't tell it to me—don't you think I got eyes and can see? (*Wildly waves arms*)

ELEANORE (*waving colors*). Faster Dave! Faster! You've only a step to go!

PHIL. and HARRIS (*all worked up. Wildly*). Come on, Hobart! He's got him! Go it! Go it!

ELEANORE. No, he hasn't! Hurry Dave! Hurry! (*Spectators in stands are now on feet, wildly yelling, cheering, blowing on horns and waving colors*)

HARRIS (*suddenly, as bough breaks, falls from tree*). Oh yoi, yoi, yoi!

PHIL. (*looking off*). Too late—too late! He's made it! Won the game! (*Comes down and joins HARRIS R. Whistle heard off R.*)

*Gates suddenly thrown open. ENTER crowd of players and spectators wildly cheering, frantically waving colors, and carrying DAVID (his hair disheveled and holding Rugby ball) on their shoulders, perfect din of cheering and tooting of horns heard.*

*Picture.*

QUICK CURTAIN.

SECOND PICTURE.

(*Spectators, football players etc., crowded around DAVID cheering and waving colors. DAVID shaking ELEANORE'S hand, center of group.*)

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Same as ACT II, the study, about eight o'clock of the same evening. No change in setting. Light burning in fireplace. Lamp is lighted on table. Portieres are drawn. DISCOVERED DAVID GRAHAM, rather pale, his right-arm bandaged, seated in arm-chair L. of table, propped up by pillows, a coverlet thrown over his knees. LEIGH stands c., making memoranda on card.*

DAVID. Oh yes—and you might let the chef smother that steak with mushrooms.

LEIGH (*writing*). Anything else?

DAVID. The dessert! I nearly forgot that. What have they?

LEIGH. I don't really know. (*Starts to go*) Perhaps I'd better get a menu.

DAVID. No, no—I don't want to delay too long. I'm afraid some of the boys will be dropping in on me. Bring up whatever's tasty.

LEIGH (*reading from memo.*). Let's see. Now there's the soup—the steak with mushrooms—vegetables?—yes—they've been looked after;—dessert, tea and toast. (*Thoughtfully*) There's nothing else?

DAVID. That appears to cover it pretty well—don't you think?

LEIGH. Quite a spread for a sick man.

DAVID. Confound it, Algie—I wish you'd leave off with that. I'm not sick—though they'd like to make the worst kind of an invalid out of me. The fact is—I'm as hungry as the proverbial bear. A broken arm and a sprained side aren't going to tie me down even if the doctor orders it.

LEIGH. I'll hustle it right along. [EXIT D. C.]

DAVID. So much for that—now if I can get away with it before the doctor returns, I'll feel as if I've accomplished something and be at piece with the world.

ENTER RICHARD D. R. 2., *dressed for the street.*

RICHARD (*espying DAVID*). I'm glad to see you on the mend, old man. (*Comes down and offers hand*) It's the first time I've been able to get a look at you since this

afternoon. Sorry to hear of the accident. They tell me you had to undergo ether for the break in your arm.

DAVID (*who has shaken with his left hand*). The doctor made me take it—though I tried to fight it off. He's a peevish old chap—Doc. Barnard—and I had to give in or go without his services. I tell you it's a tough experience.

RICHARD. So I've been informed—

DAVID. I'm referring to the after effects. Doc's issued a pronouncement that, save for a little broth, I'm not to partake of food until to-morrow—just think of it!

RICHARD. I suppose he knows what's best.

DAVID (*irritated*). For pity sakes, let's talk of something else. My head's just buzzing with the subject—I've heard so much of it. Where are you bound for?

RICHARD. Downstairs to the meeting—the election. (*Fingering his derby*) By the way, Dave—the folks are returning home on to-morrow's early train. It won't be necessary for us to keep up the deception any longer. I've got my things in readiness—I'll change quarters as soon as they've gone.

DAVID (*surprised*). Change quarters? (*Emphatically*) You'll do nothing of the sort.

RICHARD. But I thought—

DAVID. All that's of the past, now. We'll let things run as they did before it happened.

RICHARD (*coming down*). Then you really believe I tried my hardest?

DAVID. I know it, Dick—you never played a better game.

RICHARD (*feelingly*). Thanks. (*Quietly*) This whole thing's been a mighty good lesson to me. I've found out who my friends are.

DAVID. Im glad of that.

RICHARD. Phil. Morley's shown his true self—and even dad's down on him since the insinuation he made against Eleanore—and as for mother? Well, you should see her when his name is mentioned. (*Fingering hat*) There's only one thing worries me.

DAVID. Eh?—and what is that?

RICHARD (*looking down*). I never told you, Dave—but when I mixed in with Phil. and his partner, Harris, they paid me a certain sum to—well to throw the game. They made me give a receipt for the money—

DAVID (*interested*). Go on—go on.

RICHARD. And when I returned the money—they refused to give up the receipt.

DAVID. It is *still* in Phil's possession?

RICHARD. It must be—since he threatened, this afternoon, to use it against me.

DAVID (*thoughtfully*). It's too bad you didn't get it away from him.

RICHARD. It's too bad I ever signed it. That's the root of the trouble. (*Quickly*) I made up my mind to see Phil. to-night at the meeting—call him aside—and demand it's return.

DAVID. I'm afraid that would prove disastrous. It might goad him on to using it immediately. Leave *me* to manage it.

RICHARD. You?

DAVID. Very likely I can get it away from him without much ado.

RICHARD (*anxiously*). If you only could. But how?

DAVID. I don't know as yet. I'll find a way, only don't let him see you until to-morrow—even remain away from the meeting if necessary. It will avoid recalling the matter to his mind and it is just possible the whole thing may have escaped his memory. (*Knock on D. C.*)

DAVID. That's probably Algie. (*To RICHARD*) Now don't forget, Dick. Leave everything to me.

RICHARD. All right Dave. Thanks. (*Going to D. R. 2.*) This is more like the old days— isn't it? (*Knock repeated*)  
[EXIT D. R. 2.]

DAVID (*aloud*). Come in.

ENTER D. C. SUSIE SPRIGGS, *warmly clad*.

SUSIE (*espying DAVID*). Gee whitakers—you're up!

DAVID. Does it surprise you, Susie?

SUSIE (*coming DOWN*). I'm flabbergasted. From what the folks are sayin' around town I thought I'd find yer plum on your back—with doctors and nurses and medicines galore.

DAVID. The reports are all highly exaggerated.

SUSIE. Whatever *that* may mean. (*Looking at his bandaged arm*) Gee, yer knocked that flyin' didn't yer? Auntie was all broke up when she heard erbout it and told me to bounce right over and offer her services.

DAVID. That was awfully kind of her.

SUSIE. If there's anything she kin do ter help—you've but



ter say the word and she'll come over in double quick time.

DAVID. I appreciate her offer—but you can see for yourself Susie, that I'm not in as bad a fix as they'd paint me. I didn't imagine my injury would cause so much concern.

SUSIE. Why everybody's talkin' erbout it. (*Sitting on couch. Feelingly*) I'm awful sorry it happened. Yer see—I always liked you more'n the rest—

DAVID (*laughingly*). We've always got on pretty well together—haven't we, Susie?

SUSIE. Um hm. Remember the first time we met? (*Sighs*)

DAVID. I'll never forget it. My! how time flies—nearly three years ago. You were a little bit of a tot, then.

SUSIE. I ain't much bigger, now. My hands were all red—my dress was torn—and my hair was every which way. Wasn't I the sight, though?

DAVID (*laughing—as if recalling the occasion*). A sight for sore eyes. You'd been picking berries.

SUSIE. Yep—and I cum across *you* sitting under a tree reading a book.

DAVID. That meeting made us friends.

SUSIE. Yes, siree! (*Sorrowfully*) I only hope we'll remain so—but I s'pose there ain't no need o' me doin' that fer you'll be leavin' next year and like all the rest of the boys—we'll never see you again. (*up*) Can't I do anything? Guess real hard, now.

DAVID. No thanks—I'm quite comfortable.

SUSIE (*quickly going behind him*). Here—let me fix yer pillows. (*Takes pillows from behind his back, smooths them out and replaces them*) There you are! (*Knock on D. C.*)

DAVID (*to SUSIE*). See who that is—will you please?

SUSIE. Sure. (*Goes UP and opens D. C.*)

ENTER THORNDYKE, MRS. THORNDYKE *and* ELEANORE.

THORNDYKE (*espying DAVID*). Well, well, well!

ELEANORE (*coming DOWN and patting DAVID on shoulder*). I'm so glad to see you getting on so rapidly.

MRS. THORNDYKE. Congratulations, Mr. Graham.

DAVID. I thank you all. Pray make yourselves at home. (*SUSIE hurries around and places chairs for them*)

THORNDYKE. Mr. Graham, we shouldn't have called upon you at this unseasonable hour was it not for the fact that we leave on the first train in the morning—

DAVID. Why, I feel honored that you should visit me at all.

THORNDYKE (*continuing*). I realize that I owe you the most humble of apologies. (*Clearing throat*) I did you a great injustice last evening, Mr. Graham, in speaking to you the way I did—an injustice that I will not be able to right as fully as I might wish. But I was mislead—and my discourteous treatment of you must be charged to the faith I placed in the stories of a contemptible blackguard. I trust you will find it within your province to forgive both my actions and my words.

DAVID. With all my heart I do so. I'm only sorry I can't offer you my hand.

THORNDYKE (*patting him on back*). My boy—you're made of good stuff. I misjudged you from the first. And now, I want to congratulate you on your splendid work in to-day's game. That sprint of yours was a master stroke.

MRS. THORNDYKE (*to DAVID*). You should have witnessed my husband's behavior, while you were running. Really, Mr. Graham, I was never so ashamed in my life—

THORNDYKE. Well I'm glad I didn't miss it—it repaid me for the miserable night I spent at that hotel.

SUSIE (*who has been an interested spectator*). Guess I'll be getting over home. (*To DAVID*) Then there's nothing Auntie and I kin do fer you?

DAVID. No, thanks—not just now. Come over again to-morrow if you care to.

SUSIE. All right.

DAVID (*suddenly*). Just a moment, Susie. (*To THORNDYKE and others*) Have you met this young lady?

SUSIE. Sure—I know 'em. Saw you all over to the game, don't you remember?

OMNES (*cordially*). That's so.

SUSIE. And maybe I didn't root when Dave came in! My throat's so sore I kin hardly speak. (*Opening door*) Well, good night everybody. (*To DAVID*) Good night, Dave.

OMNES. Good night—good night.

SUSIE (*suddenly calling back*). Oh, here's yer grub!

[EXIT SUSIE D. C.]

ENTER LEIGH D. C., *struggling under an immense tray, on which there are a number of covered dishes, etc., a napkin over the whole.*

DAVID (*to LEIGH*). Just put that out of the way for the—  
 THORNDYKE (*UP. Protesting*). No, no—don't let us keep  
 you from your evening's repast. (*To MRS. THORNDYKE*)  
 Come dear—we'll return to the hotel.

DAVID. But Mr. Thorndyke,—

THORNDYKE. We really only came to say good-bye. We've  
 had a hard day of it—and I'm quite fatigued anyway.  
 (*Warmly to DAVID*) Good-bye, Mr. Graham. I'm very glad  
 to have met you.

DAVID. Thank you.

ENTER RICHARD D. R. 2.

RICHARD (*surprised. To THORNDYKE and others*). I didn't  
 know you were here!

THORNDYKE. Just taking our leave, my boy. (*To DAVID*)  
 You must call and see us when you're in the city. We shall  
 expect you.

MRS. THORNDYKE. Yes, do—you'll be welcome at all times.

ELEANORE (*suddenly to DAVID. Looking at his hands*).  
 You poor boy—how in the world are you ever going to  
 manage things?

DAVID. Really I don't know.

ELEANORE (*to THORNDYKE*). Dad, I'm going to remain a  
 little while and help Dave—I mean, Mr. Graham—

THORNDYKE. But Eleanore—

RICHARD. I'll see her over home dad, when she gets ready  
 to go.

THORNDYKE. Very well—just as you will.

MRS. THORNDYKE. But mind dear, you don't stay up too  
 late.

ELEANORE. I won't.

MR. and MRS. THORNDYKE. Good night—good night.

[EXIT D. C. LEIGH *has placed tray on table. RICHARD takes  
 book from book-case and EXIT D. R. 2.*

ELEANORE (*to DAVID*). You don't think it presumptuous  
 of me—inviting myself this way?

DAVID. It's kind of you to help a fellow out.

LEIGH (*in DAVID'S ear*). Say, Dave, there's one of the  
 biggest crowds of the season at the meeting—and your name  
 is on everybody's lips.

ELEANORE (*lifting napkin from tray*). Gracious—look at  
 the spread.

DAVID (*sheepishly. Pointing at ALGIE*). He ordered it.

LEIGH (*quickly. Pointing at DAVID*). And you told me what to order.

ELEANORE. Why the doctor would be awfully displeased if he knew this.

DAVID. But I'm so hungry.

ELEANORE (*removing napkin*). The broth is *very* proper. I know he wouldn't object to that.

DAVID. But I do. (*To LEIGH*) Whatever caused you to bring that up?

LEIGH. I thought it just the thing for a sick man.

DAVID (*angrily*). Confound it—leave off with that sick business—will you?

ELEANORE (*going behind DAVID and in business like manner tying large napkin around his neck*). Be careful—you mustn't excite yourself. (*LEIGH goes up to window and looks off*)

DAVID (*sighing*). Well—I suppose I'm in for it.

ELEANORE (*taking up bowl and spoon. To DAVID*). Now then—open your mouth.

DAVID (*protesting*). No—no!

ELEANORE. Come—do as I ask.

DAVID. But I don't like it.

ELEANORE. It isn't a matter of like or dislike—it will do you good.

DAVID (*weakening*). You'll let me have the other things, too?

ELEANORE. I'm not going to bargain with you. We'll see about them later. (*Coaxing*) Come now. (*Filling spoon and holding it toward him*) Just to please me.

DAVID (*with effort*). Well—to please you, then. (*Swallows contents of spoon. Shivers*) That's awful. (*ELEANORE refills spoon*) What—again? (*Makes face—drinks*)

ELEANORE (*same business*). And once more.

DAVID (*protesting*). No, no—that's quite enough. (*ELEANORE pours soup in his mouth*)

DAVID (*sputtering*). Oh, lor'. (*ELEANORE continues to serve soup from spoon while DAVID continues business*) Hold on—you're not giving me time to breathe.

ELEANORE (*wiping his mouth with end of napkin*). There, that's done! (*Places bowl on tray*)

DAVID. Thank goodness. (*Eagerly*) And now for the other things. How does the steak look?

ELEANORE (*lifts cover from platter*). Very appetizing—

but on second thought I think you'd better obey the doctor's orders and abstain from solid foods.

DAVID (*dejectedly*). Then you're not going to let me have anything else?

ELEANORE. It would be contrary to the doctor's wishes.

DAVID (*with sarcasm*). And we don't want to offend him.

ELEANORE. Exactly. (*Looking at tray*) Now the fruit! There certainly could be no objection to that. I'll tell you what—(*Takes dish of fruit from tray and moves to mantle*)—we'll put it up here. It may come in handy during the night.

DAVID. That's kind of you. (*Looking wistfully at tray. Aside*) That pie looks tempting. (*Glances around and then cautiously, with L. hand, removes plate from tray and places it on seat of chair R. of table*)

ELEANORE (*returning to table. To LEIGH*). You can remove the tray, if you will.

LEIGH (*coming down*). By Jove, Dave—that's going to be a banner meeting. They're just streaming in. (*Rests his hand on back of the chair R. of table*)

ELEANORE (*placing empty fruit dish on tray*). Why that's strange!

DAVID (*in mock surprise*). Eh! What?

ELEANORE (*to LEIGH*). I was certain there was a piece of pie on the tray.

LEIGH (*nodding head in affirmative*). Mince pie.

ELEANORE. And now it's disappeared.

DAVID (*business as above*). No!

ELEANORE (*looking at DAVID*). Mysteriously disappeared! (*Sternly to DAVID*) Are you certain—you didn't eat it?

DAVID (*indignantly*). Positive, madam! Positive!

LEIGH (*in business like way taking check from pocket*). Let's see. I may have been mistaken after all. I'll look over the check. (*Pulling chair out from under table and eagerly scanning check*) There was the broth—the steak—the— (*About to sit*)

DAVID (*suddenly*). Wait! (*LEIGH hesitates in mid-air. In warning tones*) Don't sit down!

LEIGH (*heeding him—slowly turns and sees pie*). Ah, yes, and—(*Taking up plate and triumphantly holding it up*)—here's the pie!

DAVID (*in mock surprise*). Why how did that—

ELEANORE (*laughingly*). I guess you know well enough.

(*To LEIGH, relieving him of plate*) You can remove everything now. (*Arranges napkin on tray*)

LEIGH. Very well. (*Takes up tray*)

DAVID (*pleadingly*). And you're not going to let me have the—

ELEANORE. Not a morsel. (*To LEIGH*) Remove the tray.

DAVID (*to LEIGH*). Algie—if you happen to see Phil. Morley down-stairs—ask him to come here—will you?

LEIGH. Certainly.

[EXIT D. C.]

ELEANORE (*to DAVID*). You don't mean to say you're still friendly with that man after the way he insulted you this afternoon?

DAVID. Hardly—*this* is a matter of business. (*Crash off*)

ELEANORE (*starting*). What can have happened?

DAVID (*laughing*). Algie must have dropped the tray! (*Laugh off c.*)

ENTER D. C. UNDERWOOD, TEN EYCK, SHELBY *and one or two other students laughing heartily.*

UNDERWOOD. That's a good one on Leigh. (*To DAVID*) Hello, Graham.

TEN EYCK (*to DAVID*). Glad to see you up—old boy.

UNDERWOOD (*observing ELEANORE*). Oh—beg pardon—Miss Thorndyke we didn't—

ELEANORE (*moving R.*). That's all right—don't mind me. I'll join my brother. Only please don't excite the patient too much. (*OMNES laugh heartily*) [EXIT D. R. 2.]

UNDERWOOD (*with sarcasm*). Excite the patient? (*Slaps DAVID on back, handing him newspaper*) Glance your eye over that! You're a big man to-night. The city papers just came in—and they've all got stirring accounts of your afternoon's work.

DAVID (*looking at paper on his knee*). I didn't know I'd got so famous.

TEN EYCK. You deserve it all, old chap. I'm sorry for the beastly way I talked to you to-day. I know you'll never forgive me.

DAVID. Nonsense—it's long ago forgotten.

SHELBY (*handing him package containing large bottle*). Here's a quart of champagne. It'll whet your appetite.

DAVID (*sadly*). As if it needed whetting. Honest boys—I haven't had a crumb to eat since breakfast.

UNDERWOOD. You haven't? Well say—(*Going toward D. C.*)—I'll see about that in just a jiffy!

DAVID (*quickly*). Wait Rollie! It's against orders.

SHELBY. Then you're really and truly down and out?

DAVID. Well—between the doctor and Miss Thorndyke—I suppose I am for a few days.

ENTER D. C. LEIGH *carrying tray bearing cocktails.*

UNDERWOOD. Too bad you can't get down to the meeting. You'd have the best time of your life.

DAVID (*sadly*). I'm having *that* trying to get something to eat.

TEN EYCK. We'll look after you—old man—as soon as we go below. (*LEIGH has proceeded to pass glasses*)

SHELBY (*to LEIGH*). Look out you don't drop *that* one, Algie. (*OMNES laugh*)

SHELBY (*handing DAVID a glass*). Join us Dave—it won't hurt you.

DAVID (*glancing in direction D. R. 2.*). Well, all right, only don't let Miss Thorndyke know. (*Takes glass*)

UNDERWOOD. All together boys! (*To others*) What's the matter with Graham?

OMNES (*lustily*). He's all right!

SHELBY. Who's all right?

OMNES. Graham! (*Drink—then waving glasses, sing lustily*) “For he's a jolly good fellow.”

ENTER PHIL. D. C. *in midst of singing, slowly coming DOWN.*  
OMNES *draw away from him.*

PHIL. (*to DAVID R. of table*). You sent for me?

DAVID. Yes. (*To others*) Boys, excuse us just a moment, won't you? Sorry to drive you away like this.

UNDERWOOD. It's all right, we were going below anyway. Come on boys. (*OMNES place glasses on tray which LEIGH holds and then start to sing “He's a jolly good fellow” and EXIT D. C., the sounds dying out in the distance*)

PHIL. (*to DAVID*). Well—what is it?

DAVID. You have in your possession, a receipt signed by Dick Thorndyke.

PHIL. (*bitterly*). Yes—damn him!

DAVID. Would you mind disclosing your object in retaining it?

PHIL. (*sharply*). That's *my* business.

DAVID. I presume you know you have no right to it. The money was returned to you.

PHIL. (*sharply*). Who the devil knows that beside—  
(*Then bites lips*)

DAVID. You've as much as admitted it to *me* this very moment.

PHIL. I don't see why I should remain here to be quizzed by you. What's it all going to lead up to anyway?

DAVID (*rising*). Just this. I'm anxious to gain possession of that paper. What will you take for it?

PHIL. That all depends.

DAVID. You've already received its face value. Now suppose I was to—

PHIL. Oh, money couldn't buy it. You might as well understand that from the first.

ENTER RICHARD D. R. 2.

DAVID. Man—man—can't you be reasonable?

PHIL. I *am* reasonable. (RICHARD *comes down* R. PHIL. *Turning to* RICHARD) You've had your little fling at me—and I intend to get even.

RICHARD. What have I ever done to you, Phil.?

PHIL. (*with flashing eyes*). What haven't you done? You've told your sister a lot of lies about me so that I've been jilted and made the laughing stock of the whole university. You've poisoned your father's mind against me and—

RICHARD. That's untrue Phil.—and you know it. You've brought it all down upon yourself. I don't see why I should be made to suffer for your mistakes.

PHIL. (*worked up*). This thing's cost me the election. I've lost a good deal of my support on your account. I'm not going alone. If I sink—(*Taking receipt from pocket and waving it in* RICHARD'S *face*)—I'm going to take you down with me.

RICHARD (*worked up*). You contemptible scoundrel!

DAVID (*calmly*). Gentlemen—gentlemen—let's not forget where we are. (*To* MORLEY) Your one ambition seems to be the captaincy of the next year's team.

PHIL. It's the only thing for which I've got a fighting chance.

DAVID. Suppose I was to withdraw from the race—?

RICHARD (*quickly*). No, no, Dave—not that! Not that!

PHIL. (*eagerly. To* DAVID). You mean—in *my* favor?



DAVID (*coolly*). I said "Withdraw from the race."

PHIL. (*quickly*). Do so and the receipt's yours. You see I'm quite willing to meet matters when they're put to me half way.

RICHARD (*over to DAVID*). No, no, I won't submit to it. It would be cowardly of me. It wouldn't be right.

PHIL. (*to RICHARD*). It's your one salvation. If it were simply a matter of getting even with *you* I'd tell the—

RICHARD (*angrily facing him*). Oh, you can do your worst. (*Crossing R.*) Thank God, there's still another way out of it. (*Drawing revolver from pocket*)

DAVID (*in commanding tones*). Dick! What would you do?

RICHARD. End it all by suicide.

DAVID. For shame—for shame! And by so doing leave your sister—your loving parents to live on the memory of your disgraceful death? Be a man Dick—not a child! Give me that revolver—keep to your promise of a short while ago—and leave me to manage this affair.

RICHARD (*reluctantly*). Yes—yes but not at such a price—such a sacrifice!

DAVID. Your future is more to me than the office—much as I would be honored by it. (*Holding out L. hand*) Give me that revolver. (*RICHARD hesitates, and then impulsively crosses to DAVID and places revolver in his hand*) Now write as I dictate.

RICHARD. No, no, I can't do it Dave—it would be too humiliating.

DAVID (*firmly*). Write as I dictate. (*RICHARD sighs and then sits in chair R. of table and takes up pen and paper. To PHIL.*) It is agreed, upon my withdrawal from the race, you will return the receipt?

PHIL. (*rubbing hands together*). That's it precisely.

DAVID. Then *you'd* better tell Dick what to write.

PHIL. (*dictates to RICHARD*). First date it.

RICHARD (*writes and repeats*). "November 17th."

PHIL. Now give the hour. (*RICHARD consults watch and writes. PHIL. distinctly dictating*). "To the President and Members of the Football Association, Rogers University."

RICHARD (*writes—repeating*). "University."

ENTER D. R. 2. ELEANORE THORNDYKE *remaining up stage, anxiously watching proceedings.*

PHIL. (*dictates*). "I do hereby withdraw—"

RICHARD (*hesitates*). No, no—I can't.

DAVID. Write on! Write on!

RICHARD (*with effort—writes—then repeats*). "Withdraw—"

PHIL. (*dictating*). As a candidate for the captaincy of the football team.

RICHARD (*writes*). "team." (*Cheer heard off*)

PHIL. (*nervously*). You'll have to hurry. They've just nominated the candidates and are now balloting.

DAVID. Go on—go on!

PHIL. (*dictating*). This withdrawal to take effect immediately.

RICHARD (*writing*). "Immediately."

PHIL. (*to DAVID*). Now sign it.

DAVID (*taking pen in left hand. Lightly*). I'm afraid I won't make a very good job of it.

ELEANORE (*coming down. Staying his hand*). Dave—what are you going to do? (*RICHARD shows concern*)

PHIL. (*to DAVID—anxiously*). Sign before it is too late!

DAVID (*signs paper and holds it up. To PHIL.*). Now then, give Dick the receipt! (*PHIL. does so and eagerly attempts to grasp withdrawal. DAVID drawing it back*) One moment—I know you of old. (*To RICHARD*) First we must be satisfied that it is the original.

RICHARD (*glancing at receipt*). Yes—it's the one I signed.

DAVID. Very well. (*Handing PHIL. withdrawal*) There you are!

PHIL. (*going hurriedly UP to D. C. Triumphantly*). It wasn't a bad exchange at that. Something for nothing!

ELEANORE (*anxiously. To DAVID*). Why did you resign, Dave?

PHIL. (*at door*). It was either that or be exposed!

[EXIT *chuckling* D. C.]

RICHARD (*emphatically*). That's a lie! (*To ELEANORE*) It was my fault. It was because I stand before you one of the most contemptible of human beings.

DAVID. Dick! Dick!

ELEANORE (*dazed. To RICHARD*). What are you saying?

RICHARD. There's no denying it—and it's only right that you should know all Dave's done for us.

DAVID (*quickly to ELEANORE*). You mustn't listen to him—your brother's jesting. It was all in a spirit of fun.

RICHARD. I wish it had been. (*To ELEANORE*) College life was never intended for such weaklings as I—or else it must be I didn't start right. I guess that's it. I got in with the wrong crowd. Phil. Morley and I agreed with an old money-lender yesterday, to throw the game with Haverly. We were to be paid a thousand a piece. (*Handing ELEANORE receipt*) Read that.

ELEANORE (*hurriedly reads receipt. Dazed*). Why—it's a receipt for money on account.

DAVID (*to ELEANORE*). Dick returned the money and he played a winning game—so there's an end to the whole affair.

RICHARD. But you can't deny I did wrong in going into the compact. Morley held that receipt and used it as a club with which to bring about his own selfish ends.

ELEANORE (*to DAVID*). Then you withdrew only to get possession of this paper? Oh, it's all very clear to me now. (*To RICHARD*) Dick! Dick! how could you permit it?

RICHARD. I know, I know—it was despicable of me! I only considered my own welfare.

ELEANORE (*with effort*). Something must be done to undo the wrong. You've got to demand the return of that withdrawal at once—no matter what the cost to yourself.

DAVID (*quickly*). No, no—I assure you it's all right—it's all for the best.

ELEANORE (*to RICHARD*). Well since *you* haven't the courage Dick, *I'll* go below myself. (*Starts for d. c.*) David's done too much for us already to ask this sacrifice of him. (*Great cheer heard off*) What does that mean?

RICHARD (*wildly*). It's too late—too late—the meetings over! (*Cheering gradually grows louder*)

ELEANORE (*quickly*). They're coming this way? (*Coming down, alarmed*) What can have happened?

DAVID (*to ELEANORE*). Give me that receipt? (*Cheering increases*)

ELEANORE (*hesitates*). No, no—

DAVID. It is really my property, now. (*Firmly*) Come—please give it up! (*ELEANORE reluctantly hands it to him. DAVID throws receipt in fireplace. Great cheer off*)

ENTER UNDERWOOD, TEN EYCK, LEIGH, SHELBY and excited mob of students d. c.

UNDERWOOD (*to DAVID*). Dave! Dave! You've been re-elected!

DAVID (*surprised*). Yes, yes—but *I withdrew!*  
UNDERWOOD (*wildly*). *Withdrew nothing!* The boys  
wouldn't let you!  
OMNES (*lustily cheering*).

QUICK CURTAIN.

# THE MAN FROM MAINE

## A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

PRICE 25 CENTS

Nine male, three female characters. A young man from Maine, a wealthy New Yorker, a young lawyer, a swell English lord, Faro Phila, black sheep; a dude, a Bowery bruiser, Billy the Bum, a darkey servant. A social leader, a woman with a history, a Daisy Maine wildflower. Time of playing, 2¼ hours. 4 interior scenes.

### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—Van Cruger's vanity. The letter. A cool reception. Mrs. Bradley's cunning. The question. The threat.

ACT II.—A week later. Some hot words. The decoy letter. A game of cards. The biter bitten.

ACT III.—A day later. Phil's scheme. A specimen "tough." An untimely arrival. A shrewd adventuress. A brutal couple. The threat. A desperate game.

ACT IV.—An hour later. A "dive" in the Bowery. Billy the Bum. A hard crowd. The row. A lucky arrival. A struggle for life. Muggins learns a lesson.

ACT V.—The next morning. A smashed up dude. Nearing the end. Mabel's experience. Brought to bay. The last resort. Foiled.

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# Timothy Delano's Courtship

## COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

By MARTHA R. ORNE

PRICE 15 CENTS

Two male, three female characters. A rich old gentleman, an old maid, a young girl and her brother, a colored servant girl. Time of playing, 1¼ hours. The old aunt talks in Mrs. Partington's style. 1 parlor scene.

### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The old aunt insists on her niece accepting old Timothy. Rick's little game and the darkey's strategy.

ACT II.—The scheme works. Timothy hears some things which astonish him. His escape. Aunt Tabitha catches him on the rebound, and he stays caught.

# PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE

*A Comedy in Three Acts, by Frank H. Bernard*

PRICE 25 CENTS

## CHARACTERS

PHILIP MORNINGSIDE, a promising New York Attorney.  
MAJOR PHILANDER MUMFORD, a Veteran of '61.  
PIERRE MARQUETTE, of Paris and New York.  
PATRICK MCONEY, M. P., Secretary of the Home Rule Association.  
PETER MARTIN, a timid young man with a desire to be "sporty."  
PAUL MARVEL, a private detective.  
PHYLLIS MORNINGSIDE, Philip's up-to-date wife with ambitions.  
PHOEBE MARTINGALE, has been a widow on four occasions.  
PENELOPE MUMFORD, a veritable "butter-in" at all times.  
PATRICE MUMFORD, her only child. She has just "come out."  
ANGELA }  
ALICE } Trio of Vassar "bright lights."  
AMY }  
PANSY, a housemaid of the "fresh" variety.  
PATIENCE, who also assumes "domestic" affairs.

TWO SCENES, ONE INTERIOR AND ONE EXTERIOR.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—Two hours.

Phyllis, wife of Philip, is to inherit the fortune of a deceased East Indian uncle, provided she marries his adopted son, who presumably is about to visit her. Being already married and most desirous of obtaining the fortune, she conceals the matter from her husband. Two men call upon her bearing introductory letters which she does not read, supposing each in turn to be the adopted son. The subterfuges she invents to account for their presence lead to many perplexing mistakes, which are finally satisfactorily arranged when it transpires that her husband is identified as the adopted son.

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# THE RED ROSETTE

A WESTERN DRAMA IN THREE ACTS, BY GORDON V. MAY

PRICE 25 CENTS

A typical drama of the Far West. The Major in command of a military fort advertises in New York papers for a wife, and elicits a response from a rich middle-aged lady. As a means of identification, each is to wear a red rosette. The lady arrives accompanied by her niece. The rosettes get into other hands, resulting in complications both ludicrous and serious. The niece is abducted and rescued by a young officer, a previous West Point acquaintance. The results are obvious. This play offers fine opportunities for character parts, and is replete with startling situations.

## CHARACTERS

MAJOR PHILANDER BRAGGS, who owns one rosette.....Character  
MISS OPHELIA SKIDDER, who owns the opposite rosette.....Old Lady  
LIEUT. PHILIP MANLEY, who gets the Major's rosette.....Lead  
CLARE BROOKS, who gets the other rosette.....Lead  
ROBERT RUTHVAN, who gets into trouble.....Heavy  
DANDY DAVIS, who gets his deserts.....Heavy  
TOM SCOTT, Sheriff, who gets his man.....Straight  
POP BOWLEY, who gets some boarders.....Straight  
KITTY BOWLEY, who gets Tom Scott.....Ingenué

THREE SCENES, TWO INTERIOR AND ONE EXTERIOR.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—Two hours.

## MILITARY PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	10	4
EDWARDS, THE SPY. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	10	4
PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE. 4 Acts; 2¼ hours..	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours .....	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.) 5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

## RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

MAN FROM MAINE. 5 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	9	3
AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	8	4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour...	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

## ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

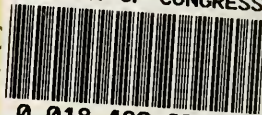
AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY. 1 Scene.....	5	11
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene.....	2	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours.....	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour.....	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours.....	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY.....	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation.....	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes.....	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes.....		8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours.....	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents).....	11	8

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## COMEDIES AND

25 CENTS E



BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts	0 018 482 370 6	
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	11	6
COLLEGE CHUMS. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	9	3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes.....	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting.....	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours.....	4	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	13	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours.....	6	4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	5	3
WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours.....	7	4
WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours.....	4	3

## WESTERN PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

ROCKY FORD. 4 Acts; 2 hours.....	8	3
GOLDEN GULCH. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.....	11	3
RED ROSETTE. 3 Acts; 2 hours.....	6	3
MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO. 4 Acts; 2½ hours....	5	3
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.	9	3

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